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The Betrayal of Spain

On February 27, 1939, the French and British governments recognized General Francisco Franco's rebel Fascists as the government of Spain. It was the climax of a long history of betrayal. All through the two and a half years that they recognized the legality of the Republic, the two governments had been helping its enemies. At the outbreak of the war they had closed the border to the Republic, preventing her from getting planes already bought in France that might have ended the rebellion in a few weeks. From then on they refused to sell the Republic arms, denied—what all the world knew—that troops and arms from the Fascist countries were Franco's chief strength, never prevented Germany and Italy from sending material to Franco, allowed Franco and his allies to violate every law of the sea by making illegal blockades of the Republican coast, and even by torpedoing and bombing British and French ships taking food to the Republic. Recently they urged the Republic to surrender, and they are trying to force refugees from Franco back across the border by propaganda, brutality and semi-starvation.

They had not even the honesty to admit what they were doing. Their whole policy, evil in itself for their own nations and morally unspeakable, could be carried out only by the constant deception of the people they represent. If they had admitted what they were doing the people would have destroyed them. They have sacrificed the national security of France and England by strengthening the Fascist Axis with Spain's raw materials and strategic position. They have constantly lied about it. They are going to go on lying and helping the Fascists until they are thrown out of office.

Chamberlain and Daladier say that Spain will have peace, Spain will be independent, Spain will be reconstructed by French and British capital. Who can desire a peace forced on a country by killing every member of a trade union or an anti-Fascist political party in a given town? Who will believe in the independence of a country having already a German and Italian army in it? Who will say that Franco is not the deadly enemy of democracy in France and Britain? What benefits can be expected from reconstruction patterned on the war states of Germany and Italy? England and France are coöperating in building a machine for their own destruction, and that of every popular government in Europe.

The Labor Chiefs Negotiate

Peace between the AF of L and the CIO is one of those things that everybody concerned wants in general, but that is difficult to attain because so many want it only on their own terms. In this it is somewhat like international peace. No one can foresee the outcome of the negotiations that will follow President Roosevelt's

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appeal to both sides, but a few credible observations may be made. The letters to Messrs. Lewis and Green would never have been written unless some sort of groundwork had previously been laid for an understanding. The negotiators on both sides are sincerely desirous of agreement. The danger to the project lies chiefly in the provocative attitude of the reactionary chiefs among the AF of L who insisted on throwing out the CIO unions in the first place, who really don't care much about having a strong mass labor movement, who have done their best to smear the CIO and its leaders in the public mind, and who fear loss of their power if the newly organized unions are let into the fold. Meanwhile it may be observed that the damage to the country from the division is much less than would appear from comment in the press. Real competition in the field between the two bodies is limited to a few industries; jurisdictional strikes are no greater in number than they used to be among certain craft unions in the AF of L. The wordy battle has not injured business. The rivalry has served greatly to increase trade-union membership and power in both camps. Unity is desirable chiefly in the interest of labor itself, and even here too high a price would be paid if the terms should block the sort of advance that has been made since the CIO was born.

Property Above Jobs

By a vote of 5 to 2—Justices Black and Reed dissenting and Mr. Justice Frankfurter not voting—the Supreme Court has held that an employer need not reëmploy strikers who have used the sitdown weapon, even though the employer precipitated the strike with unfair labor practices. This vote, it will be seen, is a bare majority of a full court of nine. Mr. Justice Reed, we believe, correctly points out in his dissenting opinion that workers do not cease to be employees just because a labor dispute arises and they go on strike. Consequently the employer has no right to discharge them and thus put them beyond the protection of the Wagner Act. If, as Mr. Chief Justice Hughes asserts, the sitdown is illegal and should not be substituted for legal remedies, the cure is surely not to allow the employer to take the punishment in his own hands, and by so doing escape the obligation to redress his own illegal acts which preceded the sitdown. Fortunately the decision is not likely to hurt the labor movement much, since the sitdown is an infrequently used and much over-advertised tactic. It was first employed decades before the CIO came into being, and was not resorted to by that organization in any of its major battles outside of the automobile industry.

Mr. Hopkins' Debut

Secretary Hopkins, at present Mr. Roosevelt's heir-

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to reassure business and open the way for revival through "confidence." The strategy is sound from the point of view of winning nominations and elections, because unless prosperity returns and unemployment is substantially diminished the chances of a New Deal candidate will be slim. The tactics, however, are open to question. It was probably believed that if business men were cajoled by one who has often been attacked as an extreme leftist in the administration, they would think that their troubles, real and imaginary, were over. But business confidence has a way of not responding to words. It has heard the same story many times before. The neurotic patient becomes suspicious when the doctor tries to cure him by telling him heartily that everything is all right. A demonstration in the world of deeds is necessary. The trouble is that the necessary acts are frequently those that the patient most fears. We shall wait to see whether Mr. Hopkins has any detailed policies to suggest that really do help reëmployment.

Anti-Ismism

We have been mildly puzzled by the "anti-ism" group that is now forming in Congress. The question is, just what do they think they are saying when they go through the gestures of making a speech? It seems clear enough that they are opposed to communism, fascism and atheism, and we hope they are also opposed to alcoholism, morphinism, cynicism, blackguardism, aneurism and embolism. But beyond that what? Are they attacking capitalism, individualism, idealism, Republicanism and Pelmanism? Do they want to forbid the teaching in universities of classicism, romanticism, realism, naturalism and symbolism? Do they want to prohibit the rites of Judaism, Catholicism, Calvinism, Methodism and baptism by immersion? Are they allied with Stalin in a war against Trotskyism and Bukharinism? Or are they merely literary purists, objecting to the modern habit of forming new abstract nouns by adding three letters to a proper name? In the last case, and in that alone, they could count on our quiet cooperation. But we suspect that their real campaign is against thinking of any sort. The isms they clasp to their hearts are jingoism, philistinism and solecism.

Death in Exile

Spain's greatest poet died last week at the age of sixty-four. His younger colleague, García Lorca, had been executed by Franco's Civil Guard; that was an honest death. But Antonio Machado survived the hardships of the civil war and wrote some of his finest poems in Madrid when it was under bombardment. After the fall of Barcelona he escaped into France, ill and exhausted. It was the French, those friends of democracy and culture, who let him die—in a concentration camp,

The treatment of the 400,000 Spaniards who escaped from Catalonia will stand as a permanent disgrace to the French Republic. They are not merely being neglected, half-starved and left without shelter; they are also being actively and deliberately mistreated as a way to get rid of them, to force them back into Franco's Spain. Dozens of them are dying every night. From Perpignan, too late for inclusion in this issue, we have received heartbreaking stories of suffering and brutality; next week we plan to print a few of them. This week there is space to mention only the special problem of the Spanish intellectuals.

From Barcelona thousands of doctors, lawyers, college professors and writers have fled into France. They are now in concentration camps, where many of them will die of pneumonia or typhoid fever (now beginning to spread) or of simple exposure, like Machado. If they go back to Spain, they will be executed or, at the very least, spend years in prison. Plans are being made to find a place for them in the future—that is, if they survive—but they need help immediately, food, clothing and money to buy their release from their open-air prisons. If you can spare five, ten or a hundred dollars, send it to the League of American Writers at 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. The money will be cabled to Paris and will save the lives of men whom the world can't afford to lose.

When Did the Next War Start?

Wars, as everyone now knows, do not begin because someone shoots the Archduke Ferdinand. The incident used as a signal for mobilization is not the cause. It is, nevertheless, a result of the existence of war tension, of the period of strain that finally rips the fabric of peace. Each incident is a small rip; with tension it spreads quickly. Today a little thing like the assassination of an Archduke would be society news. Recently it was reported—and of course officially denied—that a considerable force of Italian troops had attacked the French fortifications in Tunisia, presumably to test their strength. A few days before Marshal Badoglio, usually considered Italy's best general, had arrived in Libya. The Japanese and Chinese were fighting all over the mainland of Asia, and the Japanese were having a hard time holding the island of Hainan—invaded by them in violation of a treaty promise to France—against its Chinese garrison. Japanese planes dropped a few bombs in the British settlement at Hongkong. The Japanese engaged in border skirmishes with the Soviet Union in several places, their parliament demanded that a firmer stand be taken against the USSR and a spokesman said the army was organized so as to be able to fight wars with China and the Soviet Union at the same time. Most important of all, the Spanish war still blazed. The Rebel Fascists were mopping up after a great victory achieved because of the troops and materials furnished in violation of international agreements by Germany and Italy. Nevertheless, people were saying that we must take a deep breath now, for there would be a crisis this spring.

Babes in the Wood

If war comes, at least two million English children will have to be moved from the cities into the countryside, where they will be relatively safe from German bombers. The government is planning to take care of them, and this time it is doing a thorough and praiseworthy job. For one thing it is going to build scores and probably hundreds of summer camps that will be almost as useful in peace as in war. For another, it is planning to billet city children on the big estates, but only in case of emergency. It will pay ten-and-six—about $2.50—as weekly board for each child.

The owners of the big estates—not all of them, but some of the richest and snootiest—are up in arms against this children's crusade. They are afraid that their flowers will be picked and their furniture scratched. The United Ratepayers' Advisory Association has adopted a slogan: "Think of the dangers—dirt, disease, theft, vandalism, immorality and strife!" They talk as if they would rather entertain a company of well drilled German storm troopers than a score of London children. But what about Private Tommy Atkins? Just what is he going to think in the next war, when he is asked to lay down his life to protect the property rights of people who wouldn't even shelter his children in the gatekeeper's lodge?

Inside China

What has been happening in the far interior of China, where the government is practically cut off from the outside world? Where is it getting new soldiers to replace those killed or dispersed? How is it planning to arm them? Here are a few items that partially answer these questions:

Chungking.—Millions of recruits—by some accounts ten millions—are drilling in all the unoccupied provinces. There are a million new soldiers in Yunnan Province alone.

Yunnanfu.—The railroad from French Indo-China, ending in this provincial capital, is working to the best of its limited capacity. It carries gasoline, motor trucks, airplane engines and practically nothing else. For a time the French had closed the border; now they have opened it again.

Rangoon.—Munitions are piling up in this Burmese port, and also at the railhead on the Chinese border. The motor road into China is just barely passable. So far it has been negotiated by nothing heavier than a five-ton truck, and then after long delays caused by mud, landslides and washed-out bridges. The government is rushing repairs; and meanwhile it is doing as much as possible to move munitions with horses d

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New York.—But the country will have to supply most of its own needs. Professor Hubert S. Liang, who is making a flying visit from China, reports a new system of "industrial coöperatives." Small factories are being set up for the production of both military and civilian goods, the workers being given partly cash and partly shares, so that ultimately the new factories will be wholly owned by the workers. Most of the capital comes from the Chinese government, but part of it is being supplied by patriotic Chinese bankers. The aim is to create no fewer than 30,000 of these coöperative plants, including small, highly mobile units that can follow the armies.

At this stage of the war, the battle behind the lines is more important than the fighting in the trenches. And the Chinese are showing more ingenuity and boldness and dogged patience than even their best friends had expected.

The Irish Terrorists

When London was suffering a wave of bombings a short time ago The New Republic reported the facts, and added that the bombings were probably caused by North of Ireland terrorists and not by the Irish Republican Army. It now seems that our conclusion, based on confidential reports and confirmed by the fact that the Irish Republican Army has often disapproved of terrorist action, was mistaken. According to The Week, there has been a split in the IRA, resulting from the recent growth of feeling against Britain and the Ulster government. A group of terrorists have broken away from the rest of the IRA leadership, and have strengthened their position by getting hold of a large sum of money recently raised in America. Moreover, they have been in touch with Nazi agents, always eager to foment trouble in the British Isles. But the British government will suffer much less than the honest and democratic anti-Nazis who have formed the majority of the IRA.

News Notes of a Week

Italians in all lands were ordered by Mussolini to come home at once. Italy is going to be overpopulated again so she can demand expansion into Corsica, Tunisia and Nice. . . . General Manuel Avila Camacho has been endorsed by the CTM, the big trade-union federation, as its candidate for President of Mexico. . . . President Manuel Azaña of Spain resigned his office.

The House of Representatives passed the national defense bills, omitting the fortification of Guam, and the Senate will probably follow suit. . . . Seventeen people, including onlookers, were hurt when thugs broke up a Newspaper Guild picket line before Chicago's striking Hearst papers. . . . Judge Charles C. Nott Jr. did such a good job of charging the jury in the case of James J. Hines that they took only seven to hear. They convicted Hines on thirteen counts of being the political fixer for the Dutch Schultz gang's policy racket. . . . Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was applauded by progressives for indicating her resignation from the Daughters of the American Revolution because the society refused to allow Marian Anderson, the great Negro contralto, to sing in Constitution Hall, Washington, D. C. . . . The United States Supreme Court ruled against the NLRB in two cases in which it held that the evidence did not establish that the employers had refused to bargain collectively with their employees. In three cases the Court upheld the Board by refusing to hear complaints against its orders.

America Volunteers

THE ROW caused by the aid from the administration to France in buying American war planes has now died down, but the question of foreign policy in general still remains. The President has not vouchsafed any further explanation of what he has done or what he intends. He has in the past said that he wants to quarantine aggressors, and that the Neutrality Act should be amended. He has also said that he wants to stop short of war in aiding the victims of aggression. Those in the Senate and in the country who distrust his policy do not quite believe that he wants to stop short of war, or at any rate that he can do so when the time comes, if he begins by building up a big arms trade and goes on by "quarantining" aggressors. They want better assurance than this that we shall be enabled to keep out of a war abroad.

Meanwhile, the Institute of Public Opinion has again sounded the drift of popular feeling on this question. In previous surveys, the public has been registered as overwhelmingly against participation in another European war. It has believed that our intervention in the last one was a mistake. It has endorsed the Neutrality Act, and favored amendments which would give the President less discretion in applying it only against aggressors, instead of more. In February, 1939, the question asked was, "If Germany and Italy go to war against England and France, do you think we should do everything possible to help England and France win, except to go to war ourselves?" The answers were divided 69 percent yes, and 31 percent no. A second question elicited the main reason for this attitude: "If Germany and Italy defeated England and France in a war, do you think Germany and Italy would then start a war against the United States?" To this the reply was somewhat less decisive—62 percent yes and 38 percent no. Most of the voters also thought that giving colonies to Germany will not appease the Nazi regime, and 92 percent of them did not believe Hitler's statement that he had no more territorial ambitions in

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was most in favor of helping England and France, and the lower income group least, although even in the latter the vote was 66 percent favorable.

There is little doubt that because of anger at Hitler and Mussolini, public opinion is rapidly shifting on the war issue. On the showing of these questions, the American people still do not want to engage in a European war. But let a war break out, let bombing planes appear over London and Paris, and this further step would be easy to take. Not much more drift in the same direction would be required in order to embroil us. Moreover, a deliberate choice to help England and France win a war, if carried out by effectual policies, would almost surely land us in it. We are nearer a readiness to fight Germany today than we were in 1916.

The argument of those who favor "collective security" is that readiness to form a common front against the Fascist dictators will avoid the outbreak of war, because the latter would not dare to fight if they knew that Britain, France, the United States and the Soviet Union would be against them. If Hitler's intelligence service is guiding him well, he ought to know that as far as the United States is concerned, the project of collective security is now as close to being a *fait accompli* as it could well be. But he might easily have doubts concerning the other members of the proposed alliance. Will Britain or France fight against aggression and for democracy? They certainly have not done so in the important cases of Czecho-Slovakia and Spain. And, since Munich, even Russia's position is dubious. This country seems to be well out in front of the procession. Does our temperament and the drift of our policy really support the other democracies in an opposition to international fascism? Or does it merely guarantee them that they may expect aid in defending their own imperialism, if it should be attacked?

The New Republic has in the past questioned the argument that "collective security" would prevent war. We have suspected, furthermore, that many of those who supported this method were really not so much interested in preventing war as in joining in when it came. In the present circumstances, these questions have redoubled force. If genuine collective security would have been a weak preventive, what can be said for the situation in which our potential European partners are actually inviting aggression by leading their probable enemies to think that they are afraid to fight and are strengthening them at every opportunity? And, with this increased probability of war, what do our collective-security friends think of the indubitable fact that we should be supporting, not a war for democracy so much as a war for the British and French empires? Should they not take a little more thought about the ways and means of keeping the American people from signing a blank check for Chamberlain and Daladier?

A more positive foreign policy is certainly needed; less at the mercy of others. We should not be too eager to promise help to France and Britain without knowing what they will fight for and what the results are likely to be. We should take all the precautions we possibly can to see that any help they may derive from us does not actually drag us into war unless deliberate judgment, on good premises, leads us to decide to fight. This is no time for vague romanticism in foreign policy.

Under the Neutrality Act as it is written, Britain and France can obtain overwhelming economic advantage from us, short of actual military aid. They can obtain it, moreover, on the basis of a policy adopted by Congress long before the outbreak of hostilities, one worked out before the belligerents had lined up, and not specifically directed against any of them. Under this act, we ourselves will refuse to sell arms, ammunition or implements of war to their enemies. If they wish to blockade Italy and Germany in order to prevent them from obtaining from us any other supplies, or even if they wish to seize, search or sink ships carrying such supplies without maintaining an effective blockade, we shall not, under this law, have any ground for protest. For their own part, Britain and France can buy all the supplies they want from us, outside of munitions. They will have to pay cash for them, to be sure, but their cash resources in this country are enormous. It seems to us that the conditions established by the Neutrality Act offer about the maximum of war help to the western "democracies" that could be offered, short of creating an imminent danger that we should be drawn into the hostilities.

If more than this is favored by the people, let the President negotiate and the Senate confirm a definite understanding with Britain and France concerning just what we propose to risk our peace for. Let us have "open covenants, openly arrived at." It is folly to run out proffering our chivalrous help to those whose policy we do not understand and in large measure disapprove. We may think we are fighting for democracy as we did in 1917, but the outcome is likely to show, as it did in 1919, that really we were fighting for something else.

The American Fascists

THE INSTITUTE FOR PROPAGANDA ANALYSIS has come into its own. "The Attack on Democracy," the bulletin for January, which was compiled from documents collected by the Reverend L. M. Birkhead, chairman of the Friends of Democracy, Kansas City, Missouri, is a sober survey of the "fascist threat" to America, especially from native organizations; a sober study in the sense that the Institute employs the method of academicians—qualifications, specific reference, annotation, etc. But the subject of the monograph—the white shirts, Jew baiters, silve[illegible]

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Today in the United States there are about 800 organizations that could be called pro-fascist or pro-Nazi. The most notorious of these, the German-American Bund included, flaunt the word "fascist" in their name or use the swastika as their insignia. But the majority talk of democracy, or "constitutional democracy," and all the while work hand in glove with their more outspoken colleagues.

Who are the American fascists? The Institute cites Gerald Winrod, the "Jayhawk Nazi," as typical. Today his appeal and power have ebbed. Like most of the other groups, Winrod's clique has never had much power. But during last year's primaries his magazine, The Defender, reached about 150,000 Kansans.

The Detroit radio priest, the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin, is another who has learned the lines of the Berlin variety show. He has changed his act from "Roosevelt and Ruin" to the Nazi theme, "Communism and World Jewry."

The list is long. George Deatherage, chief of the Knights of the White Camellia and the American Nationalist Confederation, who hopes to become the "American Hitler," belongs on it. And so do Raymond J. Healy, former editor of The Storm, George W. Christians, commander-in-chief of the Crusader White Shirts, William Dudley Pelley of the Silver Shirts and Allen Zoll of American Patriots, Inc.

The technique is simple and familiar: make the words "Jew" and "Communist" so odious that people will shrink from everything and everybody on which they may be pinned. The rational argument has been removed from the scene. To destroy your enemy, you need only call him a name. Hitler has explained it: "Propaganda . . . must adopt every device of slander that ingenuity can suggest, for . . . whenever our propaganda permits for a single moment the shimmer of an appearance of right on the other side, it has laid a foundation for doubt in the right of our cause. . . ."

The "Protocols of Zion," outlining the international "plot" of the Jews to take over the world, are a good example. Not even the organizations which continue to circulate them insist upon their authenticity. But Father Coughlin, taking his cue from Henry Ford, says that while the "Protocols" may not be authentic, they are nevertheless "factual." A Silver Shirt publication, "Famous Jew-Baiters of History," consists entirely of testimonials by such men as Charles E. Hughes, Matthew Woll, John F. Hylan and President James A. Garfield. These men are not Jew-baiters; their testimonials contain no mention of the Jews whatsoever. But, the Silver Shirts reason that, because Garfield and Hylan attack the bankers they are Jew-baiting, since "most of the bankers are Jews." Hughes says that most voters are ill informed. There, you see, say the Silver Shirts! Why are the voters ill informed? Because the Jews own

These American Nazis are tied to Hitler through the world-propaganda clearing house in Nuremberg, directed by Paul Würm (happily named). His files contain the names and addresses of these 800 groups and he sends boatloads of propaganda, translated from the German. In Hamburg is a parallel office, the Fichte Association, which sent Father Coughlin (probably by indirection) the notes for his speech charging that most of the leaders of the Russian revolution were Jewish. Another German propaganda agency, in Erfurt, is World-Service, which sends out news releases in eight languages.

Individual sympathizers, as well as organizations, get the material. Ernst Goerner in Milwaukee and Maude Deland in New York are fountainheads of the propaganda. The American fascists have even closer ties with Berlin. George Deatherage of the Knights of the White Camellia was present at the last conference of World-Service and spoke on the subject, "Will America Be the Jews' Waterloo?" The protest at Station WMCA, New York City, over the "censorship" of Father Coughlin's speech, was partially staged by Fritz Kuhn.

Nobody knows the exact extent and influence of these 800 groups. The Institute guesses that about one out of three adults in the United States is being subjected to their propaganda, but they do not know how many ears are deaf.

It would be much easier to laugh at these little men if we did not remember Hitler in 1932. It was easy to laugh at him. The threat to democracy, however, is not so much from these men as from the sore conditions within the United States that give them food for ranting. Their threat cannot be met by rebuttals on an intellectual plane. It must be met by jobs for all, the best safeguard of democracy. Food, clothing and shelter will wipe the words out of the mouths of the American fascists.

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The Train Through the Tatras

FOR NEARLY TWO HOURS AFTER DAWN the Kosice-Zilina Express plunged blindly through the tree-deep mountain mist. It was a light mist, too thin and feathery to be confused with sog-heavy fog, but it clung to the earth as though it were rooted there. The speeding train darted right and left around cliffs and dashed headlong into ravines as if it were seeking a means of escape.

And then, as sudden as a gust of wind around the corner of a building, the sun appeared over the top of the mountain, and the mist vanished without leaving a trace behind. After escape from the mountain mist, the locomotive increased its speed. It was a straightaway then on the broad level land. The Express, waist-high in yellow wheat, tore through the valley at unbelievable speed.

Through the windows of the railway carriage were the Low Tatras in the South, evergreen the year around; in the North, a few kilometers away, were the High Tatras, snowcapped in August.

The endless ranges of mountains looked as if they filled the whole world. It was difficult to believe that they could be confined within the boundaries of Slovakia alone.

The fields in the broad valley between the Tatras were laid out in long narrow strips, separated one from another by a single furrow. Most of the strips appeared to be no more than a dozen strides wide, but all of them seemed to be endless in length. All of the land was sown with rotated grain and grass crops, and the strips were graduated in color from sky-blue young rye to forest-green clover and to golden-brown wheat. The treeless earth was undulating and velvety.

There were no houses or buildings on the land. The tillage was too valuable to be taken up with houses and stables. The peasants lived in closely built dwellings in villages that were constructed like the walls of forts to guard their homes and lives against marauding enemies. The peasants were wise in the ways of both men and nature.

The railway ran as straight as a beam of light through the valley, missing one village by a quarter of a kilometer, missing one by a half, another by a full kilometer. The Express had not stopped for more than two hours.

As usual, the train was crowded. All the trains in Czecho-Slovakia were crowded all day long and all through the night. Peasants with bundles and baskets filled the third-class carriages, and vacationists and business travelers filled the first and second-class carriages.

While the Express raced through the [illegible] the next stop, knowing that if they were lucky they might be able to obtain a seat. There were as many passengers standing in the corridors as there were seated in the compartments. Most of them were traveling to and from their vacations in the Tatra Mountains. The greater number were native Slovaks, but there were many Czechs from Plzen and Praha, Hungarians from Budapest, Poles from Warsaw, and Germans aboard the train. The warning notices in the carriages were printed in Czech, Slovak, French and German. There were several through passengers in the carriage from Rumania, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia.

One of the Germans in the carriage pushed his way along the crowded corridor and stopped in the vestibule. He pointed out the window at the High Tatras admiringly. He called it the most beautiful landscape in Slovakia. After we had admired it unreservedly, and had expressed ourselves unmistakably, the German became excited. He said it was worthy of the German people.

He pointed out landmarks and explained the historical importance of each. While he was talking he had taken from his pocket a folding map of Czecho-slovakia. It was printed in the German language, which meant that mountains, rivers and towns had been given German names regardless of their original Czech, Slovak and Ruthenian place-names. No part of the Republic had ever belonged to Germany, prior to the 1938 dismemberment, although the German language had been imposed upon the country by the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Czech and Slovak were the languages of the people before and after the Empire's rule.

The German began marking the map with his pencil.

"All this area around the borders is German," he began. "Wherever German is spoken, that is German territory."

He flattened the map against the smooth wall of the carriage, wet the pencil on his tongue before each stroke, and spoke admiringly of the ease with which he could trace the true boundaries of the German people.

He became preoccupied with what he was doing, and did not speak for several minutes. He retraced the lines he had drawn and marked them in more heavily with the wet point of his pencil. When that was done, he held up the map to catch the light upon it. He had cut away more than half of Bohemia and almost two-thirds of Moravia. He turned the map in the light until he was satisfied with it.

"But that is not all," he said, striking the map with

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He placed the map against the wall again and began drawing circles within the central portion of the country. By then he had become so excited that his voice rose to a high pitch. The skin of his face had become inflamed, and arteries bulged and throbbed as he shouted.

"These are German islands," he said. "Germans, no matter where they live, live on German territory."

He went back to the map, wetting the lead in the pencil so the lines he traced and retraced would stand out bold and unmistakable. His face was purple by that time.

"All this is German territory!" he shouted. "It belongs to the Fatherland. Soon the German people will claim it. The Czechs have no right to it. It will be taken from them and given to the German people."

He had been talking so much that there was little opportunity for anyone else to say anything. Once when he had to pause to catch his breath, we asked him if he were a native of the Fatherland, or of Czechoslovakia.

"I was born in the territory of Germany," he shouted. "The Czechs have ruled it for twenty years, twenty years of terror, but it is the territory of Germany. The Czechs have no right to it. It is German territory."

He ended on such a high, shrill note that his voice sounded as though it had burst. The cords in his neck were like rope covered with human skin.

The train was going at a great rate of speed through the valley. The highest peaks of the Tatras jutted up into the bright summer sky in endless procession. The country was a fairyland of beauty.

"The Czechs have no right to have possession of these things," the German said, his voice by that time exhausted and weak.

He made another effort to speak, but instead pointed out the window to show what he was trying to talk about. His hand trembled, and he rested it on the carriage window.

No one said anything for several moments.

The train was running through alternating strips of ripened brown wheat and young green oats.

"Why have the Czechs no right to own Czechoslovakia?" we asked.

"The Czechs are stupid chaps," he said slowly with newly regained breath. "They have no culture."

"Apparently they are at least holding their own," we said. "They have built a nation that compares very well with other countries its size."

The man turned sharply, his face flushed and angry.

"The Czechs let the Jewish swine contaminate all this!" he shouted. "The German people would never stand for it. We will not allow ourselves to be contaminated. The Jewish swine go anywhere they please in this country the Czechs rule. The stupid Czechs don't even try to stop them. But the German people

The train began to slow down. The strips of fields could be seen more plainly now that the train's speed was reduced. The wheat was heavy with thick heads of grain. The oats were strong and sturdy.

The German was shaking with anger, but he did not say anything more after the noise and rumble of the train died down. He turned and went through the corridor for his baggage.

The train stopped at the station of Strba and a horde of people got off. Even more people immediately got on. In the crowd in front of the station could be seen the German who had become so angry in the vestibule. He made his way through the crowd by pushing his shoulders and suitcases against the people in front of him. He disappeared through the station exit.

A few minutes after the train had left the station, a noisy row started in one of the second-class compartments in the center of the carriage. The train was so filled with people that it was difficult for many to get any further than the steps in the vestibule.

In the compartment in the center of the carriage a large, red-faced German and his equally large and red-faced wife were complaining in voices that everybody could hear that one of the passengers, a woman, refused to move her baggage from the rack over her seat. It was plain to see that the Germans could not get their own baggage, which included five suitcases and two small trunks, into the space above their own seats. They insisted that the woman should remove her baggage over her seat and allow them to put part of their things in its place.

There were five other passengers in the compartment. They were Slovaks and Ruthenians, and one was Hungarian. The woman arguing with the Germans was an Austrian. She had lived in Austria until that country became a part of Germany.

The Austrian woman was the only person in the compartment who could understand what the Germans were saying. The others in their seats looked on without comment.

The voices suddenly, and for no apparent reason, dropped in tone and volume. The German sat down in the seat opposite and smiled friendlily at the Austrian woman. He nodded to his wife, and she smiled, too.

The German leaned forward and complimented the woman on her good manners under the circumstances, and apologized for having raised his voice and lost his temper. He smiled some more, nodded to his wife, and she smiled broadly. They both beamed upon the woman opposite them. She relaxed and returned the smile.

Springing catlike to his feet, the German attempted to jerk the woman's baggage from the rack over her seat. Before he could get it down, she jumped up and stood in his way. The German slapped her on the face so hard she fell back against the door of the compart-

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"Jewish swine!" the man yelled at her in German.

His skin became inflamed.

His wife leaned forward and spat at her face.

The Austrian woman, who was not Jewish in appearance, but who was evidently part Jew and part German, put her arms over her face and head in order to protect herself from the man. The other passengers in the compartment had jumped to their feet.

"You Jewish swine!" the German yelled at her. "You'll be taught your place!"

The woman moved to open the door to escape, but she could not reach the handle while he was in front of her.

People from the other compartments, as well as those standing in the corridor, had been attracted by the shouts. They crowded around the door, and somebody opened it. No one said anything.

Tears fell from the Austrian's cheeks as she stood there. The German and his wife stood and glared at her. In another moment the Czech railway guard came and looked at the scene. He seemed to know what had happened without asking questions or being told. He did not speak.

The moment the Austrian made a move as though to leave the compartment, the Germans began shouting at her again. The other passengers in the compartment could not understand what was being said, but they remained standing. The German made no sign of an intention to strike the woman again, but she still kept her arms over her face. The Czech guard came inside without a word and helped her carry her baggage from the compartment. He took her into another carriage.

Everyone else in the compartment remained standing while the German put his baggage in the rack over the seat the Austrian had occupied. He and his wife smiled and talked while he was arranging their things in the rack. When the Germans looked at the other passengers they turned their heads and looked out the window. After it was all over, it was plain to see that the incident over the baggage had been brought about by the Germans in order to make the woman, whom they suspected of being a Jew, leave the compartment.

The country through which the train was speeding was rolling and green. The fields were knee-deep in clover, rye and barley. The strips were still a dozen strides wide, but they were shorter than the strips at the other end of the valley. The waist-high wheat had been left behind as the train sped upgrade toward the plateau. Fifteen kilometers away the High Tatras jumped abruptly like blackish, naked giants out of the level land. They were jagged and wild above the low green foothills. On the top of the peaks there was gleaming white snow, unbelievably white and cool in the August sun.

ERSKINE CALDWELL

The Armament Bandwagon

WHEN Henry Morgenthau told a Senate committee that the airplane orders from France with their $65,000,000 for American workmen's pockets were "good stuff" he was expressing a belief which is beyond doubt widely held by the American people. It may not look like "good stuff" ten years from now. It is very difficult to believe now that the billions we were supposed to get from Europe in 1915-18 for munitions were really "good stuff," though it looked that way at the time to the people who are in the habit of never looking beyond the ends of their noses.

America at this moment seems to be caught in the drift of powerful forces—too powerful indeed to be resisted. One cannot refuse to look at the phenomenon of men of all parties and all groups and all philosophies from the tip of the right wing to the tip of the left clamoring for war preparations. You see with dismay unquestioned liberal idealists like Lewis Mumford and Nathaniel Peffer demanding armaments and even action, along with old-time Republican reactionaries, professional militarists and political junkers.

There is such a thing as social fatigue. Men grow weary of hard times. Millions out of work become sick [illegible] hopeless vista ahead. People on small pay do not settle down complacently to the everlasting treadmill of poverty. Hundreds of thousands of little business men become excessively tired of the endless battle against losses and uncertainty and possible bankruptcy. And so all these very practical groups, not at all vicious but yielding to the commanding voice of self-preservation, come after a while to offer a hospitable ear to any suggestion that promises an improvement in their condition, even though it be a temporary one. And therefore when a foreign government comes here with an offer to buy planes or ships or guns or dynamite it looks like "good stuff."

Then when leaders propose that the American government itself spend some additional billions on war preparations—that too looks like good stuff to the men who work in steel mills and coal mines and shipyards and chemical plants and copper mills and all sorts of plants where materials will be made "to defend democracy."

In the meantime, the liberal groups, who have always provided the resistance to this sort of thing, dwell upon the fact that democracy too is good stuff.

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if those two gentlemen were destroyed and their fascist governments with them, democracy would be safe, whereas to me democracy would be a good deal worse off, not because Hitler and Mussolini are good for democracy, but because nothing can be worse for democracy than war—at this time above all others—and vast military preparations. But this clamor of the liberals for war preparations removes the last vestige of resistance to the path of the junker and the fatigued business and labor community which wants business. And so, with all the flags of idealism flying we prepare to destroy ourselves.

In the winter of 1937 I made a continuous tour of the whole country and after that made separate visits to almost every section of the country, some of which I visited several times. If there was one thing that was obvious it was that Americans everywhere were resolutely opposed to war and to anything that might savor of war. For that reason I, for one, was amazed at the eagerness with which groups everywhere sprang to the bait of preparedness as an avenue toward recovery. And I was even more surprised at the blunt frankness with which they expressed their satisfaction at the recovery elements in the defense of democracy.

The first marked exhibition of this phenomenon came when the President, while the papers were speculating on the extent of his preparedness proposals, brought about a conference between the utilities and the National Defense Power Committee last October. The War Department proposed that the utilities industry make immediate plans for large extensions of generating capacity at strategic spots for war purposes. The government is supposed to have promised financial assistance and the industry responded patriotically to a program of expansion which might run as high as three billion dollars. The chairman of the board of the Electric Bond and Share Corporation hailed it as of great national significance, not only because of its bearing on national defense, but also for its bearing on "the unemployment situation and its doubtless favorable effect in revitalizing business and industry of the country generally. I feel this will be the means of reopening to the utility business the capital markets, particularly for equity financing, which is badly needed."

The New York Times reported that "a public-utility executive had estimated that orders for even the first stage of the utility program, now being shaped up, would set leading makers of operating equipment 'operating to capacity within three months.'"

Then came the President's enormous army-and-navy construction program, the full size of which no one yet really knows. Newspapers everywhere pointed out while approving the importance of defending ourselves and squelching the dictators and protecting democracy that this would probably "lead to a sustained recovery for

Then railroad officials began to see the importance of the railroads to national defense. How can we transport armies, how can we mobilize materials at strategic points unless the railroads are put into shape for the strain? Hence Washington and others interested in the roads have been playing with the idea of a billion or so of government credits to enable the roads to get ready for national defense.

Already the shipbuilding industry is booming. With yards rushing work on the naval program and on oil tankers subsidized by government funds for naval auxiliaries in the event of war, and on other merchant vessels also heavily subsidized to provide transports for troops, "construction under way," to quote The Times, "in tonnage and in value of contracts, is the greatest in the history of the country save in the brief period while we were in the World War." The Times found, after a survey, that "50,000 men will be employed in the private yards by June 1 (1939) and 25,000 in navy-yard construction before the end of the year." This, of course, does not take account of those employed in steel plants and other industries providing materials for construction. And this, the navy proudly informs us, brings business to every state in the Union.

Business executives and observers echo the sentiment expressed by the editor of Banking, that "preparations for national defense constitute a business stimulant of the first importance."

And now the purchasing agents of Europe put in an appearance. Not only has a French mission visited us to buy a thousand planes—contenting itself with 600—but an English mission has already bought 100 and is doubtless buying more. Already, we learn from the reports of the secret sessions of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, the French Finance Minister was planning to set up a purchasing corporation here as a preliminary to establishing credits in this country. Mr. Morgenthau refused to countenance that. But as time goes on and we begin to taste more and more of the good stuff, we may yield on that point. It is inevitable that we will. After all, if democracy is worth saving, if democracy is being defended by France and England, if democracy is endangered by the onslaughts of the dictators, is America to refuse to supply to hard-pressed France and England the instruments of defense merely because they cannot lay cash on the line? Is Uncle Sam to put human liberty and the sacred rights of the democratic peoples upon a cash-and-carry basis? Are we, my fellow citizens—and so on.

Last week two Dutch commissions have arrived, one from the navy and the other from the Colonial Army, to buy airplanes and war equipment. It is thought they are seeking about 300 planes. That means some more millions—and good stuff too for our workmen.

And now a Russian commission is on its way. It wants

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stuff? Will not France and England need Russia's aid to save their democracy? May we not get around to an old formula and find that there are "good dictators" and "bad dictators"? After all, we think selling planes and ships to dictators in South America is good stuff. Never fear, our capacity for rationalization is very large. We have sold vast quantities of scrap iron to Japan and if you do not think that was good stuff just go back in the files of your newspapers and reread the blasts of indignation from the trade when it was proposed to check that. And Japan is not using the scrap iron to defend democracy but rather to scrap it.

Thus the great preparedness industry grows. I dare say no one can stop it. The Democrats have come around for it and the Republicans have always been for it. The liberals favor it; the radicals favor it. Business favors it; the idealists favor it. Hence we shall have it. Here I shall merely drop this futile warning—that you cannot prepare for war without doing something to yourselves. You cannot have a war industry without a war scare and having built it and made it the basis of work for several million men you cannot demobilize it and you will have to keep on inventing reasons for it.

JOHN T. FLYNN

In Memory of W. B. Yeats

I

He disappeared in the dead of winter.
The brooks were frozen, the airports almost deserted,
And snow disfigured the public statues;
The mercury sank in the mouth of the dying day.
O all the instruments agree
The day of his death was a dark cold day.

Far from his illness,
The wolves ran on through the evergreen forests,
The peasant river was untempted by the fashionable quays;
By mourning tongues
The death of the poet was kept from his poems.

But for him it was his last afternoon as himself,
An afternoon of nurses and rumors;
The provinces of his body revolted,
The squares of his mind were empty,
Silence invaded the suburbs,
The current of his feeling failed. He became his admirers.

Now he is scattered among a hundred cities,
And wholly given over to unfamiliar affections;
To find his happiness in another kind of wood,
And be punished under a foreign code of conscience:
The words of a dead man
Are modified in the guts of the living.

But in the importance and noise of tomorrow,
When the brokers are roaring like beasts on the floor of the Bourse,
And the poor have the sufferings to which they are fairly accustomed,
And each in the cell of himself is almost convinced of his freedom,
A few thousand will think of this day,
As one thinks of a day when one did something slightly unusual.
He was silly like us: His gift survived it all.

O all the instruments agree

II

Earth, receive an honored guest;
William Yeats is laid to rest:
Let the Irish vessel lie
Emptied of its poetry.

Time that is intolerant
Of the brave and innocent,
And indifferent in a week
To a beautiful physique,

Worships language and forgives
Everyone by whom it lives,
Pardons cowardice, conceit,
Lays its honors at their feet.

Time that with this strange excuse
Pardoned Kipling and his views,
And will pardon Paul Claudel,
Pardons him for writing well.

In the nightmare of the dark
All the dogs of Europe bark,
And the living nations wait,
Each sequestered in its hate.

Intellectual disgrace
Stares from every human face,
And the seas of pity lie
Locked and frozen in each eye.

Follow, poet, follow right
To the bottom of the night,
With your unconstraining voice
Still persuade us to rejoice.

With the farming of a verse
Make a vineyard of the curse,
Sing of human unsuccess
In a rapture of distress.

In the deserts of the heart
Let the healing fountains start,
In the prison of his days

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The Blackshirts in Libya[1]

"BELIEVE, OBEY AND FIGHT." This motto, stenciled on a wall, caught my eye soon after I had landed on Fascist soil. I never forgot it while I remained in Libya. It conveys something of the dynamic discipline that is forming the Italian nation as it marches towards empire. Behind me were my memories of French civilization in Tunis. It had a tolerance and a kindliness that one cannot rate too high, and many of the French settlers did honestly attempt to achieve "equality and fraternity" in their personal dealings with the Arabs. But, in that colony the sense of any collective creative purpose was absent. Its virtues and its failings were those of individualism: what it had achieved was due to private enterprise and laissez-faire.

In Libya, on the other hand, one could never lose sight of the Fascist state for many minutes together. It plans, it drives, it organizes this audacious effort to create from a desert a thriving colony. The will that directs is that of Marshal Balbo, seated in the beautiful palace he has restored. His men "believe and obey." They do it, I think, with alacrity, for everything that came under my notice suggested a promptitude and a pace unusual in the Mediterranean climate. His capital, Tripoli, has been built on a rational plan in a very few years with lavish magnificence and yet on the whole with good taste. From that praise I would exempt its central figure, an equestrian statue of Il Duce, brandishing his sword as the Protector of Islam. But most of the modern functional buildings were simple and well proportioned. Two or three mosques remained to remind the traveler that this modern city was once a decaying Turkish village.

The real effort to colonize Libya dates only from Marshal Balbo's governorship. Little was attempted during the pre-Fascist period, and after the War the whole country had to be reconquered—a task that Marshal Graziani carried out with memorable ruthlessness. The early plan followed capitalistic lines. Large concessions of waterless land were made, which grow only olives, vines and almonds. Since olive trees yield little during their first twenty years, investors were shy. Under the present plan the State supplies the whole of the necessary capital. It creates for the purpose a controlled corporation (*ente*) to which it makes over the land. Some of this is derelict and ownerless, but for much of it, especially in Cyrenaica, compensation has to be paid to the natives. It is the state that bears the cost of the first clearance of the land, carried out by teams of workers with motor plows. It too provides the cottages that the settlers will inhabit, and even furnishes them. The corporation, after a respite of nine years, will be expected to repay this capital with interest at two percent. It in turn reimburses itself from the produce of the colonists, who will eventually become the owners of their plots. But the state gives them a third of the value free.

The holdings vary greatly in size, according to whether irrigation is or is not available. Some practice only dry farming; others on the plains are lavishly irrigated, but mixed farming is the usual plan. On the hills of Cyrenaica wheat can be grown without irrigation. The settlers are carefully chosen from among agricultural workers with a good record. Stress is laid on large families: six persons are a minimum and eight or ten, drawn from three generations, are usual. During the first years of struggle the provident state must care for these settlers, who possess nothing but their labor power. An allowance sufficient for subsistence on a modest level of comfort is paid during the first year: thereafter it diminishes as the land yields its crops. The colonist pays no direct taxes. In the first year of this experiment 1,190 families were settled on the land: in the second year 2,000. It is hoped that these figures may be greatly surpassed as experience is gained. The number of persons settled to date under this scheme is in round figures 24,000.

During a day spent in driving over the military road that runs along the coast from Tunis to Egypt, the eye could grasp what this experiment had meant in will and faith. A few miles beyond Tripoli semi-desert began. Nothing grew on the rolling sand-hills save rare tufts of esparto grass. The first problem was to fix the shifting sands. Few are the trees that will grow on it, but the forestry department was at work with wattle, eucalyptus and tamarisk: round each sapling a hedge of the desert grass had to be planted. Presently, as the road swept past the remains of Leptis Magna, we saw what happens to civilization in Africa when organized authority weakens. The Vandals broke the pride of this great Punic-Roman city, and then the Bedouin camped on its ruins. Today it is rising again from under the sandhills that had covered its triumphal arches. Much of it is nearly intact, and when Italian spades have finished their work, it will be by far the completest surviving monument of the ancient world. It serves to remind the empire-builders of today that what their ancestors once made in Africa they can repeat.

The second technical problem of colonization is to

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involved boring to a depth of nearly a quarter of a mile. An ample stream gushes out, warm and slightly sulphurous. From its basin radiate aqueducts of concrete from which channels water the fields. Barley, clover and several vegetable crops were already well advanced in the second week of the year and, thanks to sixteen of these wells, the flat landscape was green for miles around. We had reached the colony of Crispi, where 333 families have been settled for a year. Its central buildings were grouped as three sides of an oblong, with a deep tank in the foreground. In the center was a church, and on either side of it a school and a coöperative store. The rest of the white buildings were devoted to an inn, a postoffice, a doctor's clinic, and the club and recreation rooms of the Fascist Party. The architecture was simple and bold, in a modern style that suits this climate. Here centered the corporate life of this community. It had no representative council. A very young official in a semi-military uniform managed the affairs of nearly 4,000 souls, with only a nominated podesta to assist him. "Believe, obey and fight."

The fight with nature (and with the natives) was over, however, before the settlers arrived. The blockhouses and the defending walls that encircle the little towns need be manned no longer. Machinery and teams of imported laborers had done the rest. At regular intervals, all over the landscape, were scattered the settlers' cottages, as monotonously identical as the cells in a beehive. The architecture, none the less, like that of the bees, was simple and suitable. Each white dwelling had four good rooms, with an outhouse and stable behind it. The mass-produced furniture was well designed. Though the settlers, when we called to them, insisted that the work was hard, they seemed to be living on a level of comfort and security well above the lot of the average Italian rural worker. The numerous children, fed on the fresh produce of the fields, were lively and healthy. Their parents showed us with pride the cotton grown in the first year, the promising crops of their second season, and the young orange trees, vines and olives that will one day relieve the monotony of their holdings. Each had his mule and three head of cattle.

A cautious observer would withhold his verdict for five or ten years. An economist would have his posers ready, to which the planners would reply with easy indifference; for fascism has finished with the economic man of liberal philosophy. For my own part I am content to recognize the audacity and magnificence of this victory over Nature. The strategical road, as we returned, pointed again towards Tunis. There life is easier and wells need not sink so deep. The trucks that passed us in the darkness carried military stores.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

London

Has Mr. Dies the Floor?

TO TEST THE EFFECT of the newspaper publicity given to the Dies committee, a carefully controlled experiment was set up in two large psychology classes in the George Washington University, in Washington, D. C. Here was a fairly conservative, middle-class group of the type that is supposedly alienated from liberal ideas by red-baiting propaganda. Only morning classes were used, so that the group would be as representative as possible, since evening classes were made up to a large extent of government employees. The results indicated that while the press treatment of the committee's sessions had some influence on the students' opinions, Dies's publicity had little effect on opinions regarding the New Deal and the CIO.

The method used in the experiment was simple. A questionnaire consisting of twenty-four names of persons and organizations was drawn up. Half of these were names which had figured prominently in the Dies committee's hearings; the other half were inserted for purposes of comparison. The students in the two psychology classes were asked to indicate on the questionnaire whether they approved, disapproved, or were

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organization. Four weeks later, one class was given the questionnaire over again. In the other class, however, excerpts from typical newspaper accounts of the Dies committee's hearings, as well as newspaper quotations from President Roosevelt, Secretary Ickes and others criticizing Dies, were read aloud in chronological order to the students; immediately afterward they were given the questionnaire for the second time. The first and second questionnaires filled out by each student were carefully matched by means of their initials, or by some other symbol with which they had marked their papers if they wished to remain anonymous; and those who did not fill out both copies were discarded from the experiment. The changes in opinion in the second group on the experimental items, as between the first and second copies of the questionnaire (before and after the propaganda was administered) were computed, and compared with the changes in the "control" group, which received no propaganda.

The reactions of the combined groups to the first questionnaire, before any propaganda was read, are of interest. The degree of approval or disapproval of each

	Approval	Doubtful	Disapproval
1. President Roosevelt	75	3	22
2. Representative Martin Dies	24	37	39
3. The Republican Party	51	13	36
4. The Communist Party	5	11	84
5. Herbert Hoover	46	7	47
6. Secretary of the Interior Ickes	59	25	16
7. The American Civil Liberties Union	30	64	6
8. Former WPA Administrator Harry Hopkins	56	25	19
9. The American Federation of Labor	65	17	18
10. The American Legion	70	8	22
11. The CIO	28	13	59
12. Henry Ford	69	8	23
13. Former Governor Murphy of Michigan	36	55	9
14. Secretary of Labor Perkins	53	15	32
15. The Democratic Party	76	10	14
16. J. P. Morgan	23	28	49
17. Mayor LaGuardia of New York City	89	4	7
18. Former Governor Benson of Minnesota	7	85	8
19. The American League for Peace and Democracy	58	34	8
20. The American Liberty League	15	69	16
21. *Harry Bridges*	6	77	17
22. John L. Lewis	25	6	69
23. William Green	50	26	24
24. The U. S. Chamber of Commerce	83	11	6

The leaders in popularity among these 98 students were, in order, Mayor LaGuardia, the Chamber of Commerce, the Democratic Party, President Roosevelt, the American Legion and Henry Ford.

When the control group was given the questionnaire the second time, without any propaganda material preceding it, little change was shown. On several items there was no change whatsoever; and on the average, only a few persons shifted their position on each item. The members of the experimental group, after hearing newspaper material from and about the committee read aloud, changed their opinions on several items. But only on five out of the twelve experimental items in the questionnaire was the shift great enough so that statistically there were at least 95 chances in 100 that the change would have been smaller if it had been due to mere chance. Four of these five items represented persons or organizations attacked by the committee, and one of these gained greatly rather than lost in popularity. The fifth item was Chairman Dies himself; he also went downhill in the estimation of the experimental group.

Many liberals believe that the Dies committee contributed greatly to the defeat of Governors Benson of Minnesota and Murphy of Michigan in the fall elections. The testimony regarding their "un-Americanism" probably had its effect on their home grounds, but popularity, probably because the students confused it

opinion of Benson, which was predominantly doubtful, remained unchanged in spite of testimony purporting to link him with the Communists. Frank Murphy —about whom both the committee's charge that he was "un-American" and President Roosevelt's refutation of that charge were read—went up in popularity among the students, although his appointment as Attorney General in the four-week interim confuses the results in this case. Following are the opinions of the students regarding Murphy in terms of percentages, before and after the newspaper clippings were read to them:

	Approval	Doubtful	Disapproval
Before	32	59	9
After	75	14	11

The effect of the testimony of John P. Frey of the AF of L regarding communism in the CIO was not discernible. In fact, the popularity of the CIO and of John L. Lewis increased very slightly after the lengthy testimony of Frey was read, although the change was too small to be statistically reliable. The result of all the testimony involving the Communists, as well as a statement by Earl Browder, was a drop in the approval which was manifested toward the Communist Party; exactly half of the support for it was withdrawn, but the change was small, because it had few supporters in the first place.

Dies's statements regarding the tendencies toward "class hatred" among liberal Cabinet members, Ickes, Perkins and Hopkins, and his demands for their resignations, produced no reliable changes in the views of the experimental group. However, the strong criticisms of the Dies committee voiced by President Roosevelt, Secretary Ickes and many others had their effect on the opinions regarding Dies, as the following figures indicate:

	Approval	Doubtful	Disapproval
Before	29	34	37
After	27	14	59

The group's opinions concerning two organizations and one individual were apparently affected somewhat adversely by the testimony before the Dies committee. One was the American League for Peace and Democracy. After testimony had been read to the students on the alleged Communist connections of this body, the following change in opinion was registered:

	Approval	Doubtful	Disapproval
Before	46	41	13
After	20	50	30

The American Liberty League also suffered a loss in

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The charges against the American Civil Liberties Union also alienated some support for that body:

	Approval	Doubtful	Disapproval
Before	34	61	5
After	30	32	38

Harry Bridges was more unfavorably received after the reading of testimony charging that he was a member of the Communist Party:

	Approval	Doubtful	Disapproval
Before	4	77	19
After	14	29	57

It will be noticed that in all three of these cases in which a shift of opinion occurred as an apparent result of the Dies testimony, the material presented gave a rather plausible story of connections with the Communist Party.

The net effects of the Dies committee's campaign against what it calls "un-Americanism" were not so great as might have been expected, according to evidence furnished by this experiment. A few of the subjects were apparently "scared off" by the generous use of the red paintbrush. Perhaps because of the character of some of the witnesses and the uncritical way in which Dies accepted their testimony, much of the publicity produced little or no effect. Dies himself was not popular with the students at the time of the first questionnaire, and his popularity was even less after the newspaper stories had been read. Nevertheless the Dies committee is not to be ignored; it dealt telling blows against at least two liberal organizations and one outstanding labor leader.

The desire of 74 percent of the public to see the Dies committee continued, as shown by the Gallup poll, may be as much the result of curiosity as of approval. The public's interest has certainly been aroused by the generous front-page space devoted to the Dies committee in nearly every newspaper in the country.

Some diverting antics may no doubt be expected from the Dies committee in months to come. If Dies goes out to the Pacific Coast, stronghold of trade unionism and the New Deal, he will probably be treated with scant respect; perhaps his hearings will even be picketed. But the criticisms of past months may have some effect on the committee. If so, they will devote at least as much of their time to fascist trends as to radical and communistic tendencies. The recent appointment of progressive Congressman Jerry Voorhis of California to the committee should result in a more critical approach to the problem of "un-Americanism" at the hearings.

Shoot the Works

The Captain Calls a Cop

A GOOD MANY YEARS AGO I listened entranced for several hours while a young man described to me the savage customs of reporters in Chicago. I was myself a newspaperman but merely a New York baseball writer. Journalism in Chicago seemed to be made of sterner stuff. Indeed, as the young man described it, the craft was rather like the work of the Royal Mounted. An assignment to cover a murder yarn meant more than coming back with the story. The good reporter was expected to capture the miscreant, himself, and bring him to the City Room where he could be held for a special-edition triumph until the laggard police were summoned.

I listened with interest while the young man described the hiring of fast launches and stout tugs in the great rivalry between Hearst and The Tribune, "the world's greatest newspaper," for the personal preservation of law and order. Some of the tales seemed a little tall and indeed the narrator, whose name was Charles MacArthur, did grow up to be a motion-picture scenarist.

In collaboration with Ben Hecht he wrote the stage play "The Front Page" which later was put forward in picture form. It was, as you may remember, a fast-moving melodramatic farce concerning precisely the sort of inter-paper rivalry which MacArthur had described to me many years before. The Broadway critics acclaimed the show nor did they deem its incidents preposterous, for some of them had been newspapermen once themselves and employed in the city of Chicago.

By now, I imagine, the old tradition of "get your man" has gone and the journalist is expected merely to set down his observations rather than the criminal in manacles and person. Even a star reporter need not be both Holmes and Dr. Watson. And it is just as well that the old order and the old romance are passing. Perhaps it is just as well that every now and then the police should solve a crime all by themselves.

But though I do not in any way deplore a new and calmer day in which action is left to "the authorities," I was extremely shocked to see the complete conversion and right-about-face executed by a man who was himself of the Chicago school. Indeed it is my impression that Captain Patterson belonged to The Chicago Tribune and that every other year The Tribune belonged to him through some rotating arrangement which prevailed between him and his cousin Bertie McCormick. According to rumor, they did not like each other and so the arrangement might be termed a feudal partnership.

But though they disagreed on other things, each was a disciple of militant journalism in which the paper got the facts upon its own and then informed the Mayor, the Governor or even the President of the state of the nation as seen through Tribune facts and figures. Nor has the Captain wholly abandoned this sort of newspaper philosophy. Even today he has the audacity to send out his own

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pending election without waiting for the official word from Dr. Gallup.

Within the last few months The New York Daily News even undertook to carry on its own experiments to prove that a large and powerful newspaper ((Sunday circulation, 3,300,000) need not be subservient to the will of Providence itself. News experts have worked with rats and proved to the satisfaction of Captain Patterson that sex can be predetermined. And again it was the Captain who waved his hand and said "Syphilis must go." And it went. It is a pity that Marc Connolly was not sufficiently imaginative to choose Captain Patterson to play the Lawd in "The Green Pastures." It would have been perfect type casting.

And so it came to me both as a shock and surprise to find Joseph M. Patterson in a recent proclamation to the people doing no more than blowing a police whistle and calling for assistance. One loses faith in the power of the anointed when a caliph finds it necessary to call a cop. It seems that recently The Daily Worker, which is published in New York and has nothing like three million circulation, undertook to criticize the position of The New York Daily News on the question of Munich, appeasement and anti-Semitism. The Daily Worker based its criticism on certain sentences taken from editorials in The Daily News. These are ostensibly written by Reuben Maury, but there is a rumor that the Captain, himself, occasionally adds a word here and there.

As a rule The New York Daily News ignores criticism of its policies as expressed in other publications. Or, as in the case of a statement in a New Yorker profile recently, the Captain's answer will take the form of a short letter from himself to his own letter page. Perhaps the general theory is that a paper with a whale of a circulation should not be diverted from its course by the plaints of minnows. Or possibly the feeling is that after Patterson has spoken there is nothing more to be said.

But this time The News flew into furious action. No attempt was made to take up the quotations from its own editorial page which had been cited. Captain Joseph Medill Patterson merely said with simple dignity that there was a grave suspicion that The Daily Worker was supported by Moscow gold. But the snapper came after that. Captain J. M. Patterson, the commander of a host, called upon Martin Dies, a Congressman from Orange, Texas, to investigate the sheet which dared to attack The News and ascertain whether this charge of Russian financing was correct. Mr. Dies, a Democrat, has been elected from his district to the House of Representatives five times. He is said to be considered a shrewd politician by many prominent citizens in the second district, which has a total population of 304,000, or one-tenth of Captain Patterson's Sunday circulation. Mr. Dies has never been a newspaperman but he has recently had a brief experience as the head of a fact-finding committee. The News has expressed the editorial opinion that some of the committee's work has been inept.

And so it seems strange that the Caliph of Bagdad should call upon the Congressman of Orange to go out and dig up a dossier for The Daily News. It is as if Goliath of Gath were to call out, "Help me, Tom Thumb, or I sink." Maybe there is something to be said for the old Chicago days. Perhaps "The Front Page" was a tragedy

Washington Notes

Defeat or the PWA

MR. ROOSEVELT and his advisers are being forced into a vast gamble. Very soon they must bet on whether business activity and employment will improve in the interval between now and the 1940 campaign. It will be a great deal like betting on the flip of a card. Primarily, their decision must turn on whether they think a European war is coming, and if so, how soon. Even if there is to be no war, a continuation of the present European skittishness will be bound to injure our domestic business situation. The recent ominous softness in commodity prices, administration experts say, was caused chiefly by the war threats of the dictator nations.

Last summer—that is, before Munich—the White House advisers were predicting a solid recovery movement that would last into the 1940 campaign and beyond. Their 1940 strategy had this expectation as its unspoken premise. Most White House advisers still think we shall see a renewed upward trend in the coming weeks. But they are beginning to doubt that the movement will show the vigor they hoped for, or that it will last even through 1939.

The New Deal desperately needs a bull market. The plain fact is that business activity at the present moment is being supported by the PWA program, and by government-inspired home building. The PWA program will reach its peak in the next ninety days. And then what? New Dealers will have to decide whether a third PWA program, of the same billion-dollar dimensions as the current one, is not required for the 1940 campaign. They have not much time to dillydally. If there is to be a new PWA program, it must be passed at the present session of Congress, and hearings on it should begin shortly.

Apparently, however, this is a decision that at least some of the men around Mr. Roosevelt would like to sidestep. Unquestionably it would have momentary inconveniences. The administration would be forced to take a stand on the issue of PWA loans for municipally owned power plants. Secretary Hopkins, intent on arranging a truce with business, would probably prefer not to have this question arise. A far more serious issue would be that of whether PWA funds should be used for national defense. Some members of the administration would like to see federal money spent on a great scale for the enlargement of our communications systems. Under their proposal would come the new airports for which Mayor LaGuardia is now begging; a network of military highways, primarily to permit the swift movement of anti-aircraft artillery, and the building of railway equipment that would be rented out to the railway managements.

Complaints are coming into the new Civil Liberties section of the Department of Justice, headed by Mr. Henry Schweinhaut, at the rate of several hundred weekly. The majority of them describe allegedly illegal acts by anti-union employers in labor disputes. They form the strongest sort of testimony, incidentally, against amendments to the Wag-

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that labor is still a long, long way from having won its rights. Mr. Schweinhaut's section is engaged in sifting these complaints. It expects to go into action within a few weeks.

As most readers know, its chief legal instrument will be a group of civil-rights statutes enacted after the Civil War, when the federal government was struggling with the original Ku Klux Klan. It was under one of these statutes that Assistant Attorney General McMahon brought suit a year ago against the coal operators of "Bloody Harlan" County, Kentucky—a trial in which Mr. Schweinhaut made a brilliant record. Although the Harlan County case ended in a hung jury, both Mr. McMahon and Mr. Schweinhaut believe they established the applicability of the Civil War statutes to modern violations of civil liberties.

Significant and hopeful as this new civil-liberties section is, it has one glaring weakness—a far too lean budget. At present, Mr. Schweinhaut can call on the services of just seven Department of Justice lawyers. A single major case might easily take the full time of all of them over a period of months. It is understood that the Department will ask for increased funds for the next fiscal year; much of the increase will be legitimately taken by Mr. Thurman Arnold's anti-trust division, but Mr. Schweinhaut deserves generous treatment. He has the advantage of being able to call on the effulgent Mr. Hoover and his G-men as investigators. To those of us who remember Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer and his Red-hunts, it will be a novel and pleasing sight to watch federal agents tracking down anti-union employers.

The civil-liberties case in which union leaders, especially those on the West Coast, are perhaps most interested is that involving the fascist-spirited Associated Farmers. Agents of the La Follette committee began an investigation of that organization last fall, and it is reported that the evidence they unearthed has been made available to Mr. Schweinhaut. As far as is known, the Department of Justice has not yet decided what action, if any, it will take. The Harlan County case seems to show that it has relatively wide powers against groups of open-shop employers. What is necessary is evidence to show that the chief purpose of the employers' group is to prevent the organization of labor unions —to show, in other words, that a conspiracy was entered into to deprive workers of rights guaranteed by a federal law, the Wagner Act.

Apparently the establishment of Mr. Schweinhaut's section in the Department of Justice means that Mr. La Follette's committee—despite earnest appeals from the CIO and liberal Congressmen—is being definitely dismantled. This is greatly to be regretted, for there are many jobs that the new agency cannot do, or do as well, as the La Follette committee could. One job would be to dig into the financial support for the Father Coughlin-Nazi Bund alliance. A continuation of the La Follette committee would have been perhaps the only practicable antidote to the Dies committee, which will soon be again in action.

The recent $18,000,000 failure of the New Jersey Title Guaranty and Trust Company in Mayor Hague's Jersey City presents a mystery that a number of Congressmen would like to have explained. The loans that made necessary the closing of its doors are understood to have been of long standing. It [illegible] of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation are notably thorough and strict—so much so that Chairman Eccles of the Federal Reserve System a year ago protested sharply against their illiberality. The Congressmen who are interested in the failure make no accusations. They would simply like to know why it was that the FDIC's lynx-eyed examiners were so uncharacteristically, and disastrously, lenient within the boundaries of Jersey City.

Washington T. R. B.

The Best of Class B

For his Rialto Theatre recently, Arthur Mayer had something just his meat, and I don't blame him for being enthusiastic about it. (Arthur runs what he calls a male-audience house, action and horror pictures mostly; he rues the drawing-room in films and rather enjoys being a target for the daily men, who escape monotony by figuring up cracks about the newest Rialto opening. The best so far was Frank Nugent's remark in January that the last one for 1938 wound up the year with a perfect score for Arthur: "No hits, no runs; all terrors.") The picture is "Boy Slaves," a class-B production made for RKO by P. J. Wolfson out of an original script by Albert Bein, and it goes back to what the Warners did in "Cabin in the Cotton," "Massacre," "Fury," etc., and what major companies have not been doing for a long long time—however ripe and gorgeous the stinkaroos of this last empty season.

I have been thinking that the only present hope for true screen originality—outside of sending every Hollywood executive drawing more than $100,000 to Congress—is the chance that lies with the producers of small-budget pictures, independent or otherwise. When you can make a feature film and get out for little more than what it cost to feed the elephants in "Gunga Din," nobody is going to worry so much if you happen to get a good idea of your own. There is a company making films over in Astoria for Paramount release, and we'll see about that later. But thus far there hasn't been enough screen talent going into the inexpensive jobs—which naturally get kicked around into obscure and distant corners of the lot and come to the public through the back door like the ice man.

"Boy Slaves" is not really a first-class picture, though it's got more pull to it than you might find in some of the films belonging in that category. It is about several poor kids who form a vagrant company to get something to eat in the world, and get caught in the lethal grind of a Southern turpentine camp. Through the endless wheel of the company store, extended indenture, overwork, cruelty and slops for their meager food, they are driven to a desperate attempt at escape and finally to violence with guns—at which point the outside law steps in. They might have been shipped back for good, what with the scandal and all; actually they struck upon an upright judge whom the scandal only moved to compassion and anger . . . land of the free . . . leave no stone unturned, etc.

It can be claimed that the ending is somewhat lollipop even if likely; but a story after all does have to have an end. It is nice to hope always, and people usually won't go for pictures in which kids are just sent back to misery and

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case of such individual histories, the closing note of Change the System! would be even more empty of anything save rhetoric than usual: what little we are able to do to improve matters will not help these American sons, or their sons after them if they have any. It is all very dispiriting as the truth often is; but it won't hurt anyone except where he damn well needs it; and ending or no ending the story has already done its work of exposition and exposure. Any film that persuades people of even an isolated truth, in its own terms and by its power over their imagination, is worth ten to twenty pictures which were made to state the whole outline according to the book, and then seen principally by friends and relatives of the producing group.

"Boy Slaves" has the necessary dramatic punch to make its picture of conditions real. The turpentine camp looks actual and ominous enough. The kids are fine; their characters (from Toughie through Tubbie to the gentler boy fighting a general suspicion of squealing) are conceived so as to keep the facts in view and the story of their progress mounting. A good standard of plot-making and human observation, the illusion of participating in something with real and troubled people—these must be present if fiction pictures are to get over as pictures at all, and they are here to the point of leaving an audience moved and really mad. It isn't so much that this film tackled a problem as that it tackled well, on the one hand. On the other, it is not so accurate to call "Boy Slaves" a film that failed (which in a larger way it did), as to recognize it for doing something too seldom attempted at all. OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

May, the greatest civilian military expert in Prestonburg, Kentucky, explained to the House why there are more army air pilots than planes as follows: "Sometimes in a catastrophe the pilot can escape in his balloon while the plane cannot escape the crash." – *From the United Press Ticker, Washington City News Service.*

NATIONAL EGG-
LAYING TEST
THE CUP FOR 1937-8
Won by County
Kildare Woman
– *A headline in The Irish Times.*

"Communism from the national boards of the YM and YWCA is seeping down through all its branches; the Communist American Student Union also meets in their buildings," Mrs. Dilling said.

"Christ isn't mentioned once in the Communist songs contained in song sheets put out for industrial singing.

"The Anti-Lynching Bill is only designed to enable the national government to take control of police throughout the country for Communist aid. . . .

"Indeed, Philadelphia is a city ridden with Communism. Beware of anything dripping 'sweetness and light.' That is the Communist method of boring from within." – *From an interview with Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling in The Philadelphia*

Cubbyholed, Catalogued and Clarified

As might be recalled, the civil war in Spain is now being waged on just that issue: Socialism v. Communism. – *From an editorial in The Capitol Daily, Washington, D. C.*

Save for a Zany Day

"The past six years have brought as many traffic fatalities to the nation as did the Franco-German war of 1870-1871.

"This cannot go on. It is ridiculous to waste our raw materials through speeding accidents." – *From a speech by Hitler, opening the Berlin auto show, in The New York World-Telegram.*

The Literati Tighten Their Belts

Gowns, corsets for literary elite, enchanting little waists. Box 28-D. – *An advertisement in The Saturday Review of Literature.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Flaubert and Politics

SIR: In his interesting article, "Some Letters After 1848," in your issue for February 8, Mr. Edmund Wilson has, I think omitted the kernel of each of the two Flaubert letters which he quotes. They relate quite definitely to Flaubert's dislike of Parisian literary life, and the omitted passages make this perfectly clear. I do not follow Mr. Wilson when he says that these letters are, along with the Engels letter, "responses to the same historical situation"—*i. e.*, the revolutions of 1848. Flaubert is simply telling his pushing friend that he would rather live in the country and labor on a novel (in this case the novel was "Madame Bovary") than live in Paris and engage in *literary* politics. He had written similar letters before 1848.

New York City FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

SIR: The whole esthetic anti-bourgeois movement, of which Flaubert was one of the principal representatives, did not of course begin with 1848: it was a development of early nineteenth-century romanticism. The real reaction against the intellectual movement which had reached such brilliance in the eighteenth century had begun with Thermidor and the suppression of Baboeuf's rebellion. But the failure of the socialist revolution of 1848, in establishing, it seemed, inescapably the domination of the bourgeoisie, forced the romantic fight against the bourgeois into a new and grimmer phase. Flaubert began "Madame Bovary" in 1850: it is an ironic and even contemptuous picture of the romantic in bourgeois society and it is quite different from anything he had previously written. (It's true that the theme was suggested to him; but this occurred in 1849, and the important thing in these matters in any case is not who suggests a theme but what suggestions the artist decides to act upon.) It was followed by "L'Education Sentimentale" and "Bouvard et Pécuchet," in both of which the revolution of 1848 is the central political event. Both are attempts to digest its frustrations; both to explain its complications and to arrive at a point of view from which such happenings will seem indifferent. It is true that Flaubert prided himself on being a provincial

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tant thing in his letters to Maxime Du Camp is his instinct to dissociate himself from the whole complex of that society which had just made Louis Napoleon dictator and which was full of racketeering in every department.

New York City EDMUND WILSON

An Open Letter to the Mayor

SIR: I enclose a letter I have written to Mayor LaGuardia.

[ENCLOSURE]

The Honorable Fiorello H. LaGuardia
Mayor of the City of New York:
Dear Mr. LaGuardia:

Why was an anti-Fascist demonstration broken up in front of the Rivoli Theater at Forty-ninth and Broadway between ten-thirty and eleven o'clock last night, while the fascist meeting of the German-American Bund at Madison Square Garden was protected by cordons of policemen, not to mention an army of uniformed storm-troopers who did police duty inside of the meeting?

In front of the Rivoli Theater, after the anti-Fascist demonstration had been dispersed, I saw policemen slugging two helpless demonstrators who were at their mercy. One of these men was lying helpless on the sidewalk, crying out that his leg was injured, an expression of pain on his face. The other one, trapped by several policemen and obviously only trying to defend himself, was brutally punched by a detective. On Forty-ninth Street, around the corner and just east of Broadway, there were other demonstrators, most of them youths, with bruised heads and faces, and young girls screaming hysterically.

These events are reminiscent of pre-Fascist Italy and pre-Fascist Germany. In these countries, the democratic authorities also conferred the benefits of police protection on Fascists, and the benefits of the police power on anti-Fascists. I quote from Miss Dorothy Thompson in this morning's Herald Tribune: "The entire meeting was familiar to me. I saw an exact duplicate of it in the Berlin Sports Palast in 1931. That meeting was also 'protected' by the police of the German Republic. Three years later the people who had been in charge of that meeting were in charge of the government of Germany, and the German citizens against whom, in 1931, exactly the same statements had been made as were being made tonight by Mr. Kunze, were being beaten, expropriated and murdered."

Is this policy to continue? Or is the conduct of the police going to be investigated? Do the taxpayers of this city support the police department in order that these men can herd the public like sheep, attack anti-Fascist pickets, tear their banners from them, and slug them?

New York City JAMES T. FARRELL

Did Capital Go on Strike?

SIR: In your issue of February 15 under the heading "Is the Capital Strike Over?" you imply that the utility magnates have been engaged in a capital strike. I protest that whole section as an example of the same vicious distortion of the truth for which you, and George Seldes, so bitterly criticize the capitalistic press.

The utility magnates, heaven knows, have done much o deserve attack, but that is no reason why you should make insinuations about them that have no basis in fact. It is particularly unbecoming in a journal that boasts of its liberalism and pretends to common honesty. The writer of the paragraphs to which I allude is either ignorant or else he set out to twist the truth.

It has been impossible, as you know or should know, to get the public to invest in utility securities because of the [illegible] it afraid. No one ventures money in any enterprise, whether it is $2 on a horse race or a million in utilities or even government bonds, if he is convinced that he is going to lose it. That is elementary sense. Someone around the New Republic office must have at least a few hundred dollars. Has that fellow put it into utilities? If not, according to your reasoning, his capital, so far as the utilities industry goes, is on strike.

I have noted this lack of fairness, this slick tendency to get in a foul blow where you can, before in your columns. It is the one reason you lost me as a subscriber. Perhaps Mr. Seldes should go through your files and add a chapter to his interesting book to treat of your failings.

East Orange, N. J. ALLEN T. LEES

[The New Republic had hitherto expressed doubt of the existence of a deliberate strike of capital. But the implication of our paragraph was simple. The conservative press had indicated that the agreement between the TVA and Mr. Willkie for the sale of one property would be the signal for a great new investment of utility capital. What had brought about such a change in the "confidence" of investors? Surely not the fact of this one sale. Surely not the decision of the Supreme Court squelching the utilities' complaint that the government could not constitutionally compete with them. If a flood of new utility investment really occurred, it would be a sign that this investment was being deliberately held back previously. Or perhaps—what amounts to the same thing—the utility magnates who had previously used every resource to discourage such investment by complaining about governmental policy would, now that the game was up, reassure the investors. – THE EDITORS]

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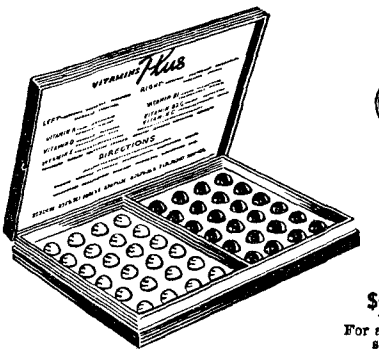

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Fog about War

SIR: Major Eliot's review of Liddell Hart's "Through the Fog of War" [New Republic, December 7] is calculated to create the impression that the book is spiteful and negligible. I was surprised on reading it to discover not only that it was neither but that Eliot's account of it was so inaccurate as to suggest that he had scarcely read it.

He declares, for instance, that "scarcely a great military figure of the War . . . escapes expert castigation." Hart sketches fourteen Allied generals, toward seven of whom his attitude is overwhelmingly favorable, and he finds much to admire in Foch and Haig.

Eliot furthermore declares that the main theme is that "the experience and study of any profession unfit a man for the practice of it." *This is downright untrue.* The themes are two: That we can learn from the mistakes of our predecessors, and that many mistakes were committed by World War commanders, because their experience and training concentrated upon battles and tactics rather than upon campaigns and strategy. . . .

Major Eliot is of course entitled to disregard Hart's avowedly expressed concern for disseminating truth rather than protecting reputation; it seems needless for him to sneer at Hart for such a predilection, and it suggests to one reader at least that The New Republic, on wider matters of military policy, might seek advice from someone less concerned with preserving the faith of the "civilian reader" in the "military profession."

Belmont, Mass. LEWIS A. DEXTER

SIR: Mr. Lewis A. Dexter's criticism of my review of Liddell Hart's "Through the Fog of War" seems based upon a point of view so far removed from my own that it is hardly possible for me to comment upon it.

Of my principal criticism, that Captain Hart failed to take into account the difficulties under which commanders in war must operate, Mr. Dexter makes no mention. I did not declare that the main theme of the book is that "the experience and study of any profession unfit a man for the practice of it." I said "the discerning reader will with difficulty accept a thesis which assumes," etc.—a very different statement. That this thesis is implicit in Captain Hart's whole work, few careful readers of the book will deny. A reviewer who is also a soldier and student of war cannot with integrity disregard, in reviewing a military book, what he considers to be fundamental errors of military judgment. He does so, of course, in the full knowledge that readers of different experience and outlook may prefer to rely upon special pleading rather than sound principle.

Brooklyn, N. Y. GEORGE F. ELIOT

Diagnosing Hitler

SIR: The New Republic is nothing if not consistent. On page 4 of your issue of February 8 I find: "According to these boys and girls, the world hates better than it loves," etc. In the editorial "Diagnosing Hitler," in the same issue, Hitler is depicted as a shrewd paranoiac; in satirical fashion, to be sure. How much do you think this sort of thing will contribute to the understanding of European affairs? Perhaps you believe or hope that your readers, unlike the boys and girls of New York's schools, are 100-percent adult. I hope they are.

Granville, Ill. ALBERT PUCCI

[Our diagnosis of Hitler was not in the least satirical; it would, we believe, be confirmed by most competent psychiatrists. Understanding of European affairs must be very imperfect [illegible] knowledge that he is sick, and in what way.—THE

Books That Changed Our Minds

SIR: What books change the minds of *average* people? That is as interesting and significant a question as what books have changed the minds of our leading scientists, scholars and editors.

Here are some of the books which progressive-minded, typical Americans in the Oregon rural areas say have had an influence on their ideas and opinions:

The Bible
La Follette's Autobiography
The Jungle, by Upton Sinclair
Sandburg's Lincoln
A Child of the Middle-Border, by Hamlin Garland
Journals of Lewis and Clark
The Oregon Trail, by Francis Parkman
Progress and Poverty, by Henry George
Uncle Tom's Cabin, by Harriet Beecher Stowe
The Age of Reason, by Thomas Paine

A few of these people mentioned Louis D. Brandeis' books on banking and finance. Practically all these people are liberals. They believe in public ownership of electric power, the preservation of civil liberties and the extension of political and economic democracy.

Portland, Ore. RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Selma Salomon of Mount Vernon, New York, writing about the Nazi Bund meeting at Madison Square Garden, says that the civil liberties of those who protested the affair were ignored in the anxiety to protect the "rights" of the Nazis. She objects also to the sign the Garden displayed, calling the meeting a "pro-American Rally." . . . J. H. Pollack of New York City sent us an eye-witness account of the same affair. "After midnight, a light truck sprinkled the streets. It bore the sign: 'Department of Sanitation. City of New York. OUR CITY YOURS AND MINE. Keep it Clean.' "

M. B. Taylor writes from the State Sanatorium, Arkansas, that our editorial, "What Is Our Foreign Policy?" (February 15) expresses a "baffled incomprehension." He blames the United States' foreign policy upon President Roosevelt's naïveté in regard to international affairs. "Personally I should like to see The New Republic hasten to use its influence to obtain a couple of new federal appointments. I have in mind Charles A. Beard and Frederick L. Schuman and I want to see them appointed to the current Brain Trust, foreign policy-forming division." . . . E. C. McBee of Parkersburg, West Virginia, commenting on the same editorial, says the tragedy of liberalism is that as soon as liberals find themselves making a little progress toward humanitarian ends, they begin to fall out among themselves about minor matters of method and procedure. "Not to be entirely pessimistic, we may note that nearly always *something* is saved from the wreck, so that a slight advance is made with each new effort."

Robert Preyer of Dayton, Ohio, cannot believe that "Is England Worth Fighting For?" by Elmer Davis appeared in The New Republic. "You have several times in the past had dull articles, but this is the first harmful one I remember. Confused thinking and confused writing—in the attack-from-Mars vein." In contrast, Robert Iglehart at the Groton School, Groton, Massachusetts, expresses his "entire admiration" for the same article by Mr. Davis. "Thus far in the current 'distress' of American writers, over the European situation, few if any authoritative observers have seen fit to view our problems of foreign policy with any consideration of the emotional factors

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Two Reviews of "Men Must Act"[1]

THE LATE JUSTICE HOLMES once remarked that the vindication of the obvious is sometimes more important than the elucidation of the obscure. In a period when men and women destroy the values they hold most dear, through fright, irresponsibility and the worship of vain illusions, little honor goes to those who raise their voices to demand that realities be faced before it is too late. Last spring Lewis Mumford issued a call to action in the pages of The New Republic. It was laughed to scorn or denounced as "warmongering" by pacifists, passivists, isolationists and their Fascist allies. Mr. Mumford, gloomily vindicated by Munich but not yet in despair, has now expanded his appeal into a book designed to "rally together those who have a firm belief in democracy." A few of those who read it will heed its message. More will scoff, for the doomed can never confront reality.

The book is lucid and eloquent. In words of fire and light Mr. Mumford restates the pleas of Thomas Mann, Hamilton Fish Armstrong, Hans Kohn and Aurel Kolnai. He adds a diagnosis and a program. In a Fascist world there can be neither freedom nor security for America. Democracy in Europe, however, is already condemned by its sham defenders. Planes to Daladier's France are planes for the Caesars. Guns to Chamberlain's Britain are arms to the barbarians. "As Fascist vassals they are already potential enemies."

America is alone and must act alone. But isolation is a myth and collective security is a memory. The defense of the American way requires an end of fables and dreams and a relentless facing of facts. It calls for an end of aid to the dictators. Mr. Mumford proposes in some detail a policy of national non-intercourse with the Fascist Triplice, coupled with the refortification of democracy at home and support to genuine democrats abroad. America must lead, since the risks of indifference are far greater than the risks of leadership. America must act or the last best hope of earth will be betrayed and meanly lost.

These propositions and prescriptions are obvious and elementary. Their logic admits of no answer save the answers of the timid and the self-defeated. These rejoinders Mr. Mumford has anticipated and refuted. If clarity of vision and earnestness of argument were enough to save the day, hope would still be possible. Perhaps wisdom and courage can yet be found among the heirs of liberalism in the western world. But the inescapable and ugly facts remain: the torturers of martyred China use weapons made in America; the murderers of Spanish democracy, initially abetted by Eden and Blum, are now helped to complete their task by Franklin D. Roosevelt. For these crimes and blunders America will pay a fearful price. Yet foreign policy in Washington continues to be dictated by Downing Street and the Shrine of the Little Flower. A liberal President is content with phrase-making. A Democratic Congress demands diplomatic paralysis. An indifferent public snores assent. At the risk of being deemed a defeatist, I fear that Mr. Mumford will be answered with empty echoes and hollow bellowing. Those who choose suicide cannot be made wise or brave or taught the arts of self-defense.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

ABOUT HALF OF Mr. Mumford's book is a violent denunciation of fascism and a passionate defense of democracy. It is a first-rate piece of pamphleteering but is largely a work of supererogation. And it distracts attention from the principal purpose of the book, which is to suggest a program for action by the United States against the totalitarian powers. There is so much vitriol in this little volume that one wonders whether Mr. Mumford in his present state of mind is capable of weighing all the implications of the plan he proposes. There is a good deal here that is reminiscent of the wartime speeches of Woodrow Wilson, which, as events tragically proved, were long on eloquence and rhetoric but short on practical application. War psychology has a way of distorting the vision.

The balance of Mr. Mumford's book is of different tenor. It is a proposal that the United States forthwith sever all relations, diplomatic and otherwise, with the Fascist powers. Whatever the intrinsic merits of the plan, it is original and bold enough to command attention in the prevailing discussion of American foreign policy. Mr. Mumford's policy of non-intercourse would involve: liquidation of American investments in and withdrawal of American nationals from Germany, Italy and Japan; denial of passports to American citizens for travel and business in the Fascist states; suspension of American shipping to Fascist ports and of German, Italian and Japanese shipping to the United States; systematic deportation of German and Italian nationals and refusal of further immigration (except of refugees, who would be treated much more liberally); denial of citizenship to any person who admits dual allegiance. It is obvious, although Mr. Mumford does not say so, that all of this would involve a far-reaching trading-with-the-enemy act, with drastic penalties for violations.

Non-intercourse would deal a serious blow to the prestige and the economic and military power of the dictatorships, without offering them any effective means of reprisal. But in Mr. Mumford's judgment it would do even more. It would bring into being a new balance of power, with the totalitarian states on the defensive and with democratic leadership transferred from the feeble, faltering hands of Chamberlain and Daladier to the strong arms of American statesmanship. It would give a needed fillip to the cause of freedom. It would bolster national morale in the United States, compelling reactionary and disloyal citizens to show their colors. Just short of war, it might precipitate war, as Mr. Mumford readily admits—a war to make the world safe for democracy. "What was wrong [in 1917-18] was not that we sought to preserve democracy: what alone was wrong was that we failed." Risks are the law of life; what is intolerable above all else is a futile Do-Nothingism which Mr. Mumford conceives to be the only program of mis-

[1] Men Must Act, by Lewis Mumford. New York: Harcourt Brace and C...

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In addition to severing relations with the dictatorships, we should turn the cold shoulder of "non-coöperation" to France and Britain. "Until they have oriented their foreign policies so as to accord with our own, we shall withhold the arms and munitions and planes that are now being manufactured in this country for shipment there." If Chamberlain and Daladier are considering another Munich, as Mr. Mumford fears, he would obligingly furnish them with a pretext for it. If, on the other hand, there is even a remote chance that they will eventually stand up to Hitler, it would be sheer madness for anti-Fascists to deny them the weapons which alone will make resistance possible. Justly suspicious as we may be of Chamberlain and Daladier, the stubborn fact of history and geography is that our first lines of defense are the British navy and the French army.

Another serious fault with Mr. Mumford's proposal is his debonair dismissal of serious difficulties. In a chapter of twenty-eight lines, "Implementing Non-Intercourse," he admits that his plan would involve serious dislocation to American economic life and tragic losses to individual Americans. He simply says that "none of these problems is of overwhelming difficulty," and lets it go at that; there will be others lacking in such optimism. As to the possibility that participation in another war may mean the end of democracy in the United States, Mr. Mumford is skeptical; so long as we avoid conscription, he says, the danger is not serious. The truth is that if war be forced upon us, we might conceivably choose the field of battle and the weapons which happen to suit us; but where we initiate the war, as Mr. Mumford admits we might, we should have to wage it offensively and mercilessly with results which are all too likely. One more point: Mr. Mumford's proposal is at the moment entirely outside the bounds of practical politics; it is inconceivable that the President should recommend or that Congress should adopt or that the people of the United States should sanction the adoption of non-intercourse in the absence of some overt act menacing a vital interest of the United States. Measures short of war, we obviously are prepared to take, as the President intimated, but no measures of such far-reaching import as Mr. Mumford proposes.

Lest I be accused of being a Do-Nothing, I should like to suggest that we develop our sea power and acquire an air force adequate to all probable contingencies. That in military affairs we pursue a policy predominantly continental and hemispherical. That by political and economic means we do everything possible to preserve a balance of power in Europe and the Far East as against the hegemony of any power or axis of powers, to this end bolstering the morale and the strength of Britain, France, Russia and China (as we should have bolstered Loyalist Spain). The time has not yet come when we need repeat the experience of 1917-18 on the battlefields of Europe. If it should come, we possess the means of meeting the challenge. This is not a spectacular policy, but it is founded upon the stubborn facts of history, geography and economics.

EDWARD MEAD EARLE

The Lincoln Image

ARE PEOPLE MOVED by Lincoln today? And if so, what is the image that moves them? I have sought some light on such questions in this year's birthday crop of books on Lincoln.[1] Each of the three gives us a different facet of his evocative power. One is Lincoln seen through the swift devouring eyes of a smart young contemporary, John Hay, who had acid for everyone but devotion for his chief. The second is Lincoln seen through the understanding eyes of one of the best of today's middle generation of dramatists. The third is Lincoln seen through the myriad loving and magnifying eyes of the common folk. And the striking fact is that although each is caught from a different angle, there is considerable congruity between these Lincolns of history, drama and legend. I don't know whether separately or together they make the "real" Lincoln. I leave such matters to those with greater certitude about impaling historic actuality. I find it more exciting to ask what pattern of Lincoln's personality is emerging from the past and what its directive force is for the future.

Sherwood has done a brave play, striving to fuse the private with the public Lincoln. I suspect, of course, that most of those who have seen it have gone away feeling that what made Abe Lincoln President was that he lost Ann Rutledge and was wooed and driven by Mary Todd. That is less Sherwood's weakness than our own: we have a desire to bring the historic great down to our everyday level, and we would rather remember that Abe was delightfully clumsy in love-making, or unconsolable over Ann, or caught in Mary's more powerful will, than what his views were on slavery and labor. Yet the fact remains that Sherwood has not been wholly successful. He has two themes. One is of slow, painful growth—the making of a man for whom the resolution of his personal conflicts is not complete until he has reached some degree of political maturity. The second is democracy as a living credo. The two are never fused. Perhaps it is because the theme of growth is a dynamic one, and he has handled it thus through the twelve lean and muscular scenes; while the temptation in developing the democratic theme is to do it through such symbolism as that of the westward-moving settlers in the seventh scene. What best unites the two themes, although scarcely mentioned, is the Civil War symbol. For Lincoln, no less than the nation, was a house divided against himself, threatening always to secede from himself. And the belief that finally moved him to summon up a new sense of wholeness was his belief in ordinary people like himself and his neighbors, and of a nation built upon them. "The prayer which Lincoln gives for a sick boy," Sherwood tells us in a brilliant essay on the play's genesis and intent, "is in effect a prayer for the survival of the [illegible] of America."

[1] Lincoln and the Civil War: In the Diaries and Letters of John Hay, selected by Tyler Dennett. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 360 pages. $4.

Abe Lincoln in Illinois, by Robert Emmett Sherwood. New York: [illegible]

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inauguration, heavily guarded. Tyler Dennett's collection, which puts all the relevant John Hay letters and diaries together for the Civil War and Reconstruction period, takes him up at that point, and the note of danger and stress is never absent. Hay's Lincoln is the crisis leader: and the theorists of leadership in a democracy would do well to study this volume. Here are the fruits of that period of growth and democratic deepening that we saw in "Abe Lincoln in Illinois." The smoldering young Billy Herndon, Lincoln's law clerk in the Sherwood play, has been replaced by the acidulous young John Hay, Lincoln's secretary. It is good to see Lincoln through the eyes of the young men about him. In Herndon's impatient eyes Lincoln was weak and hesitant, moving too slowly toward a sense of the slavery crisis. To Hay, Lincoln is too indulgent to the treacherous and incompetent around him: with a mixture of the admiring and protective, he talks of him as the "Tycoon" and the "Ancient." Hay is no radical, and not much of a democrat: he turned out later to be considerable of an imperialist. What draws him to Lincoln? It is a sense of the difficulties that beset the President in war-beleaguered Washington—the bullying ways of Cabinet members, the incompetence of the generals, the importunities of favor-seekers, the milk-and-wateriness of preacher folk, the hot-headed Abolitionists, the sabotaging Copperheads. Here is a crisis democracy if there ever was one.

And the Lincoln who emerges from it is none the less heroic because he is not a mystic or a fanatic. He is the brooding man of thought whom events have spurred to action. He has an infinite capacity for patience. When he has a message or state paper to prepare he goes about for days, turning it over in his mind. We catch glimpses of him talking to an Indian delegation, arguing about Daniel Webster and his importance in American history, speaking at Gettysburg ("The President, in a fine, free way, with more grace than is his wont, said his half-dozen words of consecration, and the music wailed and we went home through crowded and cheering streets"), waiting in McClellan's house for the general to come back from a wedding party, only to have McClellan snub him on his return and go straight to bed. ("This unparalleled insolence of epaulettes," Hay remarks bitterly, and the President answers that "it was better at this time not to be making points of etiquette & personal dignity.") But we see him also with a will steeled to his task, unrattled even when Washington seemed in extreme danger, taking what measures were necessary to suppress treason, sending an unending stream of messages to his generals about strategy, having by an immense personal effort to supply them with the sheer will to win the war.

Hertz's new book is a miscellany of trivia. But when you add them up they come close to amounting to Abraham Lincoln. The weakness of the book is that it is neither biography nor portrait: it is too inclusive to be either, for each involves selection. The editor has simply gathered all the stories about Lincoln and dumped them between the covers of a book. It is curious to see the editor of the tough-minded "Hidden Lincoln" of last year doing this, since many of the stories here give us a mushy and idealized Lincoln. Yet there is a logic in what he has done. I take it that what Mr. Hertz objects to primarily is not the Lincoln legend as such, but the [illegible] screen Lincoln's lusty honesty, the literary and official attempts at prettifying. He objects to the selective because the selective is always secondary and artificial—and the artifice has generally come from the hands of reaction. Just as "The Hidden Lincoln" was the material Herndon had gathered from people who knew Lincoln in his early life, so "Lincoln Talks" represents the immediate impact of Lincoln upon thousands whose lives crossed his. A good deal of nonsense has been written about the folk mind. Yet it is true that the legendary that clusters about a great man often gives a more complete picture of him than may be found in the scholars and prettifiers.

There is much in "Lincoln Talks" that our own generation has forgotten. "Financial success," Ben Tillman quotes Lincoln as saying, "is purely metallic. The man who gains it has four metallic attributes—gold in his palm, silver on his tongue, brass in his face and iron in his heart." There are other remarks to the same purpose. Yet when a colleague of mine made a speech to a Rotary Club pointing out that Lincoln was in his day considered something of a radical, he was met by a shocked silence. The banker pays a fat sum to go to a Lincoln's Day dinner: he wipes out Lincoln's belief in the masses, his sense of the brotherhood of workers in every land—and what remains for him is the Lincoln who helped forge what has become the party of an irresponsible capitalism.

The fact is that between the generations that told the Lincoln stories and our own generation there have intervened the decades of finance-capitalism. They have wiped the Lincoln image from our minds because Lincoln as democrat, as labor sympathizer, as "Father Abraham" with his compassion for the suffering of the people, was an inconvenient Lincoln. What has remained is the barest attenuation of a man—just enough to give sanctity to the birth of the Republican Party; and the self-made man who has added fuel to the myth of individual success. There is a historical seemliness in this, of course, given Charles Beard's interpretation of the Civil War as the decisive triumph of capitalist enterprise. Yet Lincoln did not foresee those consequences. There is considerable evidence that he saw the Civil War as a struggle between two concepts of labor—free and slave, and became most alarmed at the extreme Southern doctrine that slavery was the natural condition of the working class.

Is there a new and revived Lincoln image in the making? I think so. These books, along with Hertz's "Hidden Lincoln" and Carl Sandburg's magnificent volumes on the "Prairie Years" are among its first signs. We shall be waiting eagerly for the remaining volumes of Sandburg that have been promised for next year. The fact that Sherwood's Lincoln has been playing to packed houses has some meaning. So also has the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. Even the old John Hay portrait of Lincoln the commander-in-chief of faltering armies has a new meaning today.

For the Lincoln image that is faithful to history and the recollections of his contemporaries is one almost providentially made for our present national crisis. It is of a Lincoln who was first of all a deeply human being, with the rich earth flavor and the gusto out of which a culture is made; who had a long tolerance for all modes of belief while he had an unshakable faith in majority rule [illegible]

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tenacious and blind slave-owning class in order to preserve national unity, yet when the fight was forced on him insisted on fighting hard and fighting for victory; who did not let his will be paralyzed in a crisis, but knew that when the time came for action it had to be decisive action; who was unwilling to fetishize civil liberty and make an absolute of it, seeing that if the Union were not saved civil liberty would not mean much, yet who fought against the wholesale suppressions demanded by the Radical Republicans; the Lincoln who died while planning a reconstruction without bitterness or vengeance.

If such an image does not have power to steel our will and give it a quiet strength, and thus shape our history, it will be because the capitalism that Lincoln accepted has already overpowered the democracy of which he dreamed and for which he died. MAX LERNER

We Are Betrayed

Betrayal in Central Europe, by G. E. R. Gedye. New York: Harper and Brothers. 494 pages. $3.50.
Survey After Munich, by Graham Hutton. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 253 pages. $2.50.
South of Hitler, by M. W. Fodor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 363 pages. $3.50.

THIS YEAR British lecturers in the United States miss no opportunity to tell their audiences that "the democracies must stand together." If they would read "Betrayal in Central Europe," by their fellow countryman G. E. R. Gedye, formerly of The London Times and now of The New York Times, they would out of sheer self-respect also say something of the part that their present government has played in the murder of democracy in Europe.

Murder is the word, and Gedye's book, packed to the brim with facts, is one of the first by a British eyewitness to tell the story of the event. Written in an easy and lucid style, with a sometimes biting presentation and analysis of incidents, situations and personalities, and with an intuitive feeling for drama, it is an engrossing book to read. But it offers the reader neither cheer nor comfort, for it tells a story of moral collapse, of insidiously planned treachery and sometimes unmitigated horror. In no other book or document have I read such vivid accounts of the sheer sadism of the Austrian Nazis after Hitler conquered their country:

> Outside a shop in the Praterstrasse labeled in huge yellow letters "JEW" stands a young girl. Alternately she kneels and rises to her feet. Around her neck is a placard: "Please do not buy from me—I am a Jewish sow." In the window of a shop on the Mariahilferstrasse sits a middle-aged Austrian for five long hours. Around his neck is a placard: "Look at me. I am an Aryan, but a swine—I bought in this Jew's shop."

These pages alone give the book a literary power reminiscent of the Old Testament. They are hard to read and harder still not to read. No wonder that on finishing the book the reader is haunted by the words of Winston Churchill which Gedye quotes in his Foreword: "The stations are closing down, the lights are going out."

Czecho-Slovakia's treaties," he says, "were watertight." But because of the "deliberate intention of the Chamberlain government not merely not to support Czecho-Slovakia . . . but to bring her into a position where it would be impossible for her to defend herself," they were reduced to worthlessness. His argument is as watertight as were the Czecho-Slovakian military alliances. Particularly effective is the author's rebuttal of the Prime Minister's reiterated claim that Czecho-Slovakia could not have been saved anyway. In the chapter, "Holding the Bastion," he argues most convincingly that had the Allies honored their treaties it would have been the Germans and not the Czechs who would have been caught "in the pincers" and defeated.

Unlike Gedye, Graham Hutton was no eyewitness of the débâcle in Central Europe. He is an economist with a rich knowledge of geography, history, international politics. He is also a writer of lucid and often brilliant prose. In his "Survey after Munich," he is concerned not with the motives and the methods of the Agreement but with its consequences. The new Europe which it has created has given the axis powers, and particularly Germany, enormous advantages in geography, economics, political control. Such countries as Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, much of Rumania, are "pent up," with no natural defenses anywhere. The new resources in timber, ore, oil, food and labor power, and the new systems of transportation by rail, water and highway, existing or projected, add immeasurably to Germany's strength. Besides, Munich has placed in her hands a weapon—"self-determination"—by means of which she can further disintegrate the Danubian nations and perhaps break up such solid little countries as Denmark and Switzerland. In time of war the axis powers will find it possible to form a contiguous and possibly a military front against France "from the Low Countries in the north right down to the Mediterranean."

Yet with all these advantages the axis powers, according to the author, can win only a "lightning" war, "in a few months, a year at the most. . . ." Since they will be the attackers, they will need from four to five times the military strength of their enemies. Even if they possess such strength on the outbreak of hostilities, they will soon lose it, for neither their organizations nor their resources nor their temper will permit them to fight a "war of economic attrition." In other words, the axis powers cannot defeat France and England.

Fodor's "South of Hitler" is a new edition of his "Plot and Counterplot in Central Europe," revised, enlarged and brought up to date. No other book on the subject paints such a complete and sweeping picture. It differs from Gedye's and other works in giving a vast amount of basic information on the peoples and the civilizations of Central Europe. It differs from Hutton in its estimate of Germany's offensive power.

Munich, so Fodor says, means that Germany will not only dominate Central and Southeastern Europe but also many other lands in the heart of the French and British empires. He doesn't agree with financial experts that because of lack of ready capital Germany will fail in her effort to develop the backward countries now under her control. "In her new economic system," he says, "*surplus produc-*

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hitherto by the capitalist powers." He thinks the road to Bagdad and beyond is wide open to Germany. He doesn't share Hutton's optimism as to the invincibility of France and England. He doesn't say they can be conquered, nor would he admit that Germany and Italy will collapse if they go to war with the western powers. He refuses to prophesy the future of Europe; but he is no more cheerful about it than Gedye, or any other honest journalist who was in Central Europe during the Great Betrayal.

MAURICE HINDUS

The Man of Honor

The Professor, by Rex Warner. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

LIKE MANY OTHER EUROPEANS, I have come to feel that Franz Kafka, alone among modern novelists, discovered a really satisfactory way of writing about the age in which we live. As, amidst the thickening shadows, we wander farther and farther down the path, from the Reichstag to Madrid, from Madrid to Munich, we recognize in him the Virgil who will be our guide through the unfolding horrors of the contemporary Inferno. Prophetically, he has described it all—the vague, overpowering sense of terror; the dream-events vividly and simply remembered but only later seen as inverted and insane; the crisis indefinitely delayed. His is the nightmare world of the dictators.

Mr. Rex Warner is one of Kafka's first and most promising English pupils. As such, he must command our interest and attention. If his work sometimes seems immature, we should remember that he is attempting a supremely difficult medium, the satirical fantasy. There is nothing cheap or facile about his intention. And I think that "The Professor" is a very much better book than his earlier novel, "The Wild Goose Chase."

It describes the last week in the life of a great European classical scholar who has the misfortune to inhabit a small country strongly resembling pre-Anschluss Austria. The country is doubly threatened—from within, by the death-struggle between a fascist and a communist party; from without, by a powerful neighbor state which is preparing to annex it, in the sacred name of Order. At the peak of this crisis, the Professor is called upon to leave his university chair and become Chancellor. He is a highly respected national figure, and the only man, it is said, whom everybody can trust. In other words, he seems politically "safe."

But the Professor isn't as safe as he looks. For years, in the calm, theoretical atmosphere of his study, he has been working out a program of gradual socialism (unlike his son, the radical student, he abhors every form of violence), and now, he thinks, is the opportunity to put his ideas into practice. Upright, fearless and honest as the day, he does not doubt that all men are ultimately reasonable. You only have to talk to them, and they will see the light.

His fate is the classic fate of the honorable theorist. From the first, everything is against him. His Cabinet is crooked and cowardly, his chief of police a traitor, the woman he loves is a spy. His only allies and true friends are the ex- [illegible] he deplores and they cannot save. occupation, "by request," duly takes place. The Professor is arrested, has a chance to save his own life disgracefully, refuses it and gets shot, where most brave men are shot nowadays, in the back.

The best scenes in this novel have a weird, dreamlike quality which is perfectly suited to their subject matter. There is the Professor's walk in the park, where some surrealist orators are preaching Progressive Nudism. There is the bogus attempt on his life by the disguised policeman. There is the Professor's speech to the dead microphone. There is the extraordinary argument in the cobbler's room, while the bombing planes roar overhead. But Mr. Warner seems less interested in the dramatics of his story than in the series of Platonic dialogues by which it is interrupted—and rightly so, since this is a book about ideas. Unfortunately it is just in these dialogues that the author's skill deserts him. The arguments on both sides are reasonably presented—reasonably, but rather flatly. The characters cease to be characters, and fade into the anonymous members of a debating society. Indeed, it would require the genius of a Thomas Mann to inform such discussions with life. Mr. Warner seems conscious of this weakness, for he ends each of these passages melodramatically. But melodrama is no solution.

Nevertheless, this is an absorbing and outstanding novel, about a vitally interesting subject—the fate of a liberal in the world of power-politics. The Professor is defeated, but he doesn't, ultimately, fail. Dead, he is still a formidable problem for his enemies, a problem they will never be able to solve. His gentle, persuasive voice will continue to be heard, long after the guns are silent, and the bombing planes have run out of gas. And because Mr. Warner succeeds in making us feel this, his story, though tragic, is heartening and inspiring as well.

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

A Winters Tale

Maule's Curse, by Yvor Winters. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 252 pages. $3.

"MY ULTIMATE HOPE," says Mr. Winters in the foreword to this volume, "is to establish a critical basis for a fairly complete revision of the history of American literature." The seven essays in "Maule's Curse" mark only a beginning of the task, but it is a beginning that the author obviously views with some confidence. In the last sentence of the last essay, which is on Henry James, he writes, "To understand him, we must understand the history of which he is the culmination; and when we understand him, we have the key to most of the literature and to much else that has followed and is likely to follow." The reader, when he has reached that point, should feel that he has been granted some important revelation.

Of the seven authors discussed, Cooper is the most unreservedly praised, with Jones Very faring exceedingly well, and Melville doing not too badly. Poe is damned, verse, tales and criticism, and there are few kind words for Hawthorne. Mr. Winters speaks sternly to Emily Dickinson and Henry James, but he finds something to praise in the former,

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tions that he could have gone further and done worse, for he calls Franklin a "limb of the Devil," apparently finds nothing in Thoreau but "pastoral idiosyncracies," and describes Emerson as "a fraud and a sentimentalist."

The essays show some, but not very many, of the insights one has a right to expect from a critic with whose basic assumptions one disagrees. Something more than this is necessary, however, if a foundation is to be laid for the critical revision Mr. Winters has in mind. He has views on American literature and history, but it is by no means easy to say what they are. He apparently believes in "the type of ethical discipline fostered by the Catholic and Anglo-Catholic Churches," and he holds that Puritanism slowly destroyed this discipline. Thus weakened, the heirs of the Puritans fell victim to a peculiarly vicious type of romanticism. This explains the moral confusion and consequent obscurantism of Hawthorne and of all followers of Emerson. Cooper, on the other hand, retained enough of the traditional discipline to escape the deluge, and Melville was at least aware of the disaster to which Calvinism led. Very was a true mystic, and Miss Dickinson, who was not a true mystic, had only her taste and not her morals debauched by her New England heritage. Henry James, like Cooper, was in some measure immune to the Puritan blight, though his moral sense was "unsupported by any clear set of ideas."

If Mr. Winters wants these assertions to be taken seriously, the least he can do is define his terms, defend his premises and take into account all the relevant facts, things he has not done either in this book or in its predecessor, "Primitivism and Decadence." What in detail does the "ethical discipline" involve, and what is its significance to those who cannot accept Catholic theology? Was the Puritans' moral sense impaired and, if so, was it by the doctrine of predestination? How much of Puritanism was left by the middle of the nineteenth century, and what had taken its place? When Mr. Winters says, "To approach nature is to depart from the fullness of human life, and to join nature is to leave human life," what does he mean by "nature" and by "human"? And when he says, "A sound attitude toward a major problem, communicated with adequacy of detail, is what we ordinarily mean by sublimity," has he not put half a dozen undefined terms in the place of one?

There are moments when Mr. Winters seems almost aware of the fact that America has had a history. One of these moments is when he admits that Henry James "was unequipped to deal adequately wth any major aspect of American manners." We expect him to point out that such ignorance was a heavy handicap for a writer primarily concerned with what people do and why, but he suddenly rushes away from this admission. "For James," he writes, "is definitely not examining the whole of a society; he is examining the mathematical center of a society—the ethical consciousness of a society—and he is examining nothing more." The strange belief that you can examine the ethical consciousness of a society without knowing anything about the society is at the heart of Mr. Winters' own dilemma. Because he refuses to face it, he not only leaves his major premises undefined but repeatedly disregards them. As a result his remarks are little more than a series of dogmatic and often fatuously pompous dicta. One of his favorite terms for writers he does not like is "[illegible]."

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God Is Not Mocked

The Age of the Fish, by Odon von Horvath. New York: The Dial Press. $2.

ODON VON HORVATH was a brilliant German writer, considered important by his literary contemporaries, who emigrated from the Nazi fatherland and was accidently killed last year in Paris. This short novel of his very much resembles such a modern American tale as Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men." It is contrived with the same sort of immense cleverness; and, though it has little real psychological or social interest, it points a moral in an extremely telling fashion. A schoolmaster, caught in the workings of the system of a totalitarian state, finds himself up against a cold-blooded murder committed by one of his students, who has bashed out the brains of a schoolmate from motives of simple curiosity. We are shown the pressure of fear under a barbarous and truculent dictatorship, with its effects in the destruction of moral standards and of normal human feeling for one's fellows. The schoolmaster, who began by keeping quiet about his opinions in order to hold on to his job, finally realizes that he, too, is implicated in a crime which seems purely inhuman.

Is this crime to be blamed on "the age of the fish," which Horvath sees Germany as entering? One reflects that there were also Nechaev, who supplied the theme for Dostoevsky's "The Possessed," and our own gratuitous boy murderers, Leopold and Loeb; and then one remembers that the Tsar was behind Nechaev and the packing business behind Leopold and Loeb, and sees that Horvath has really written a fable of more general application. He makes the truth irresistible in the end, puts it in action as a consciousness of "God," which his characters are unable to repudiate; and, in doing so, he stretches, at the dénouement, a point or two of plausibility.

EDMUND WILSON

Streamlined Lombroso

Crime and the Man, by Earnest Albert Hooton. Cambridge: The Harvard University Press. 419 pages, illustrated. $3.75.
The American Criminal, an Anthropological Study, by Earnest Albert Hooton. Vol. I: The Native White Criminal of Native Parentage. Cambridge: The Harvard University Press. 789 pages. $10.

FOR TWELVE YEARS Dr. Hooton and his staff of able co-workers at Harvard have been studying the American criminal with a view to establishing the neo-Lombrosan thesis "that racial physical differences should naturally be associated with racial psychological differences, and that the social behavior of distinct racial stocks should vary in accordance with their physiological and psychological divergences."

The results, as judged from the summary of the evidence and conclusions published in the preliminary monograph, are more sensational than scientific. In a style of macabre geniality and with the dubious help of a series of revolting caricatures, Dr. Hooton boldly challenges the sociological

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of saving a civilization menaced by hopelessly "degenerate" racial and national types.

On technical grounds alone Dr. Hooton's position is extremely vulnerable. He knows quite well that, as Dr. Sheldon Glueck has said, "a completely valid sample of actual criminals cannot be obtained," and he has severely criticized Cesare Lombroso for his failure to understand this elementary fact. Nevertheless he is willing to reopen—and even to defend—a gravely compromised hypothesis on the "evidence" provided by approximately 16,000 criminal, insane and delinquency records assembled from ten states. Against this microscopic and necessarily arbitrary group (for is there any "scientific" definition of either crime, insanity or delinquency?) he applies a corrective of less than 4,000 "civilian check samples," drawn from only four states.

Dr. Hooton's material, taken from the broad categories of Old American, New American and Foreign Born, Negroes and Negroids, was broken down into hundreds of subgroups representing a vast array of ethnic, racial, biological, morphological and—far less adequately—social and economic correlations. For the crude data obtained from these enormous labors anthropologists and social scientists may well be grateful: the trouble will start with the interpretations drawn from them, and with Dr. Hooton's extraordinarily loose handling of such borderline concepts as "race" (he gives us nine "white races" alone), "nationality" (what is a "pure Italian"?) and heredity.

What scientific weight may be given to the statement that criminals *in general* are characterized—among many other things—by pointed chins, prominent cheekbones, primitive ears, yellow-flecked eye-whites and facial asymmetry? And why, if Dr. Hooton is so careful to recognize the influence on behavior of social factors, does he morosely comment upon "the unswerving loyalty of the Italian-Americans to their national homicidal propensity, *in spite of sociological and anthropological change*?" (My emphasis.) To cap the climax of non-sequiturs, a discussion of urban criminals elucidates

> . . . the remarkable fact that tall, thin men tend to murder and to rob; tall heavy men to kill and to commit forgery and fraud; undersized thin men to steal and to burglarize; short heavy men to assault, to rape and to commit other sex crimes; whereas men of mediocre body build tend to break the law without obvious discrimination or preference. Extremes of body build incline to specialize in crime, doubtless impelled by some mysterious constitutional proclivity.

Such observations—and they are alarmingly frequent throughout this book—do not inspire confidence in the scientific validity of Dr. Hooton's vast labors. Even the formidable mass of crude "evidence" and highly technical analysis presented in the second work—first of three gigantic monographs—cannot allay the suspicion that a very able anthropologist has been trying to make his little fishes, 16,000 of them, talk like whales. If he desired—as was his right—to challenge many of the easy assumptions of the "environmentalists," could he not have done so without resort to glib generalizations, invidious witticisms, gloomy prognostications and the terrifying sound of calipers, steel tapes, anthropometers and head-spanners measuring one and all of us for our particular niche in a universal Rogue's Gallery of the unfit, the insane and the criminal?

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Lo, the Poor Distributor

Who Gets Your Food Dollar? by Hector Lazo and M. H. Bletz. New York: Harper and Brothers. 144 pages. $1.25.

THE CONSUMER will do well to scrutinize with a skeptical eye the many champions rising to his defense and contributing to his education. A case in point is the present book by the executive vice-president and research director of the Coöperative Food Distributors of America, a national association of "independent" grocers. The book promises the American housewife a sensational exposé of costs, mark-ups, profits and wastes in food production and distribution. Dairy products, bread and cereal products, meats, canned goods, fruits, vegetables and miscellaneous food products are examined to see how much of the consumer's weekly food budget goes to the farmer and to each processor and middleman. Breakdowns of costs are also shown between productive functions such as farm labor, warehouse owners, distribution labor, advertising, taxes, profits, et cetera.

The authors have done an excellent job of explaining to the housewife that when she buys a loaf of bread, for instance, she is buying much more than the farmer's wheat: likewise that if she insists on a charge account and delivery, and buys butter by the quarter-pound, she will have to pay for this. The book purports to break down the conspiracy of silence, promising information on the extent to which production and marketing costs are justified. It is not captious, therefore, to point out that the probable effect of the whole book will be that Mrs. Housewife is lulled into reconciliation with things-as-they-are by the constant reassurance that profits all along the line are extremely low and that she only pays for what she demands.

It is claimed that the data are compiled from official sources, but no man on earth can obtain from available information reliable figures of the sort presented for the fifty-six commodities. Some of the data, upon analysis, give internal evidence that they do not have the significance which is attached to them. The ordinary reader would never notice that the percentage distribution of costs by functions is identical for each group of foods, an obviously false picture. Apparently this breakdown was made on a composite set of products and then applied to each group on the false and unstated assumption that all are identical. Other questionable statistical methods are evident, such as the inclusion of capital expenditures (cost of new equipment) along with maintenance as a cost of production.

No consideration is given to the question as to whether the present distributive system involves extensive and wasteful duplication of facilities. One gets nowhere in studying the wastes of our marketing system by analyzing the average costs of distribution of the system as it exists: the real question is whether, by reorganization or rationalization of the existing system, consumers could be provided the same service at far less cost. Low profits, even if proved, are no more a sign of efficiency for an industry than they are for an individual company; and this book falls far short of proving low profits. Despite the presence of much excellent material, one is forced to the conclusion [illegible] degenerates into an apology.

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A Miscellany

Labor Fact Book, Vol. IV, by Labor Research Association. New York: International Publishers. 222 pages. $2.

EVERY FEW YEARS the Labor Research Association puts out its handy reference book containing information particularly useful to radicals. Some of the facts and figures are available in other reference books, but most of them can be found in no other volume. The book is a storehouse of important material on progressive political movements, labor legislation, unemployment, wages, position of the farmers, civil liberties, the trade-union movement here and abroad.

It is an extremely useful book because the staff of competent research workers who have compiled the material from government reports, the labor press, the decisions of the NLRB, the important new books, as well as many other sources ranging from Left to Right, are experts in the field of labor. They know from long experience what answers to what questions are most necessary. To anyone interested in the progressive movement this book is indispensable.

LEO HUBERMAN

African Mirage, by Hoyningen-Huene. New York: Charles Scribner's sons. 119 pages. $3.75.

THIS BOOK consists of something over a hundred pages of impressions written down by the well known photographer, Hoyningen-Huene. It is his first book, the author tells us. The effect is as a whole perhaps rather blurred, with something too much of repetition, due to a sameness in the approach to words and style in their descriptive function. But there is often a very fine observation, a special sort of intimate information, and at times an imaginative insight or comparison that is superb. The numerous photographs have not that tremendous simplicity, or lucid wholeness, or powerful quietness or whatever it is that marks Walker Evans' work, as seen lately in exhibition and in book form. But they have striking and beautiful effects, some curious recording by a remarkable eye, and in a few of them no little of the compulsion of great painting. This journal of an eye, a body and a mind on a trip through remote parts of Africa is on another plane from most books in its field. With Julian Huxley's "African View," a quite different extension of the record, it makes an ideal combination.

STARK YOUNG

Heroes of Thought, by John Middleton Murry. New York: Julian Messner. 381 pages. $3.75.

THIS STRANGE BOOK, compounded of reverie, self-hypnosis, rhapsody and sermon, is really a plea for a kind of medievalized Christian communism. (Mr. Murry has recently entered a theological seminary to prepare for ordination in the Church of England.) It is not, as the jacket says, a study of "men whose ideas have freed the world of its mental shackles," but rather a reflection of various crucial aspects of the modern world as they have been realized or reflected in the minds of writers and men of action from Montaigne to William Morris. There is much that is illuminating in the chapters on Mr.

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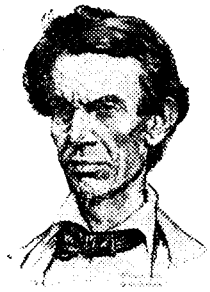

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physical dullness with flashes of insight in those on Cromwell, Rousseau and Goethe; much Murry and little of their titular subjects in the chapters bearing the names of Chaucer, Shakespeare and Marx. Sometimes beyond its own depth, sometimes mere rant, the book has genuine depths as well as a queer mingling of wisdom and wind.

EDGAR JOHNSON

Wind Without Rain, by Herbert Krause. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

THESE 364 pages of sustained grimness trace a Minnesota family through despair and hate and poverty and back to despair again. They have none of the whiffs of humor that generally refresh even the harshest chronicle of bad luck on the farm. If anyone smiles here, you can be sure that tomorrow some poor fellow will suffer for it. If country folk dance at a wedding, you know better than to look forward to a few pages of laughter and the schottische: within a paragraph they start carrying out the casualties. There isn't even an honest love of the soil. Farm life for this family means only spiteful weather and down-at-heels machinery and the endless nag of debt.

In "Ethan Frome," the effect of chill hopelessness is produced by suggestion; here it is achieved by piling image on image and word on word. Mr. Krause puts as much into the monotony of an evening at home as into a violent accident. His scenes of action are a little oblique, seen as blurs of memory and pain rather than distinct events. But if occasionally the story sags under the weight of its gloom, the result is impressive and holds the reader in spite of himself.

MIRIAM BORGENICHT

Group of Poets

Concerning the Young: Poems by Willard Maas. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 80 pages. $2.
The Five-Fold Mesh, by Ben Belitt. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 51 pages. $2.
A Glad Day, by Kay Boyle. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 85 pages. $2.
Mirrors of Venus: A Novel in Sonnets, 1914-1938, by John Wheelwright. Boston: Bruce Humphries. 87 pages. $2.50.
Letters to a Comrade, by Joy Davidman. New Haven: Yale University Press. 94 pages. $2.

THIS GROUP OF POETS presents, in outline, the range of recent poetry, after a year whose literary output had been thin and, for the most part, unstimulating. We have the significant spectacle of people still in their working prime printing their collected poems, shoring themselves up against a hard winter—and beyond that we have these five books, which do not really take the edge off the weather.

Willard Maas's "Concerning the Young," a Discoverers' selection, has a great deal of softness in it; regret, and wistfulness, and tenderness, even where no tenderness applies. He is sound and straight in applying himself to heartbreak and his own age-group, people who are young enough and very frail and quite lost, ruminating about love, puzzled about the world, shocked at waste and war. The lines are a

sound, with their soft "f's" and vowels going fuffuffuff) or again into an inapplicable bravado. "Contemporary Legend" is the best, has fine things in it, and its ending "Defeat/No word for the young" must be taken ironically in its poignancy. Other sections are good; but often contradictory in tone. The end of "Dark Passage" is rung in; after "O singing . . . O sleep . . ." the real tone, comes the echo "Gray oak in the evening/Star in your branches/ And the cities thick with bombers." The softness is his note.

It is Ben Belitt's too, a polished softness, very ingratiating, very attractive, often. The pretty, clean meters are here, a great deal of technical skill, much ingenuity, particularly in the later poems. The book allows one to see the development. The early poems are not good, a little common, a little sissy, like "Some hillside wearing laurel on her shoulder." But the descriptive excellence comes later, in poems like "Charwoman," with its good jammed graphic phrases, "Many Cradles," which previews the poet's orientation out (from Himself to the world) and with the best poem here, "Battery Park," which is mature, well painted with flat precise strokes, hardly any of the slickness which disfigures the early work, and the sharp, fine ending: "Bend then to seaward. The element you ask/Rarer than sea is, wantoner than time;/You bear it on you, strangely, like a mask,/And dream the sailing in a pantomime:/The element is blood; tired voyager, turn:/The reckoning you take is yet to learn./Somber, at fullest flood, the continents ride,/And break their beaches in a sleeper's side." Further development must be still further outward, away from the ballad and the "anguish in the heel" touch, to the stronger, the more dignified and mature writing chalked in with "Many Cradles."

These two more lyric writers have echoes of what many women poets have tried to do. Kay Boyle tries something very different in "A Glad Day." Starting with echoes of the Transition gang in France, it suddenly becomes very warm, very sunny, the verse lifts, fine things appear among the landscapes and the streetscapes—lines full of anger or friendliness, sometimes clumsy as poetry, but letting the woman come through much more clearly and honestly than in her prose. For the ground level of this book is the prose level—showing skill and a tricky set of feelings—but the top level is direct, candid and affectionate. The poem about Poe and Toledo is good; the "Christmas Carol" has its rich, turning motion, its lovely forests, and a legend which is a memory of Ernest Walsh; and the Scottsboro poem, "A Communication for Nancy Cunard," is a good, good Scottsboro poem. None of this strings with top-flight poetry, but the warm, pointed verses reach you as you read; and the Spiritual in it is swell:

> I went last night to a turkey feast (Oh, God, don't fail your children now!)
> My people were sitting there the way they'll sit in heaven
> With their wings spread out and their hearts all singing
> Their mouths full of food and the table set with glass
> (Oh, God, don't fail your children now!)

It's a clean book; it has an amateur ring, strange after the very professional prose, and friendly; it has the sharp, wry view of American images of the expatriate, the rootless, wishing returns, and the expatriate ending of the table of contents: "T[illegible] A[illegible]"

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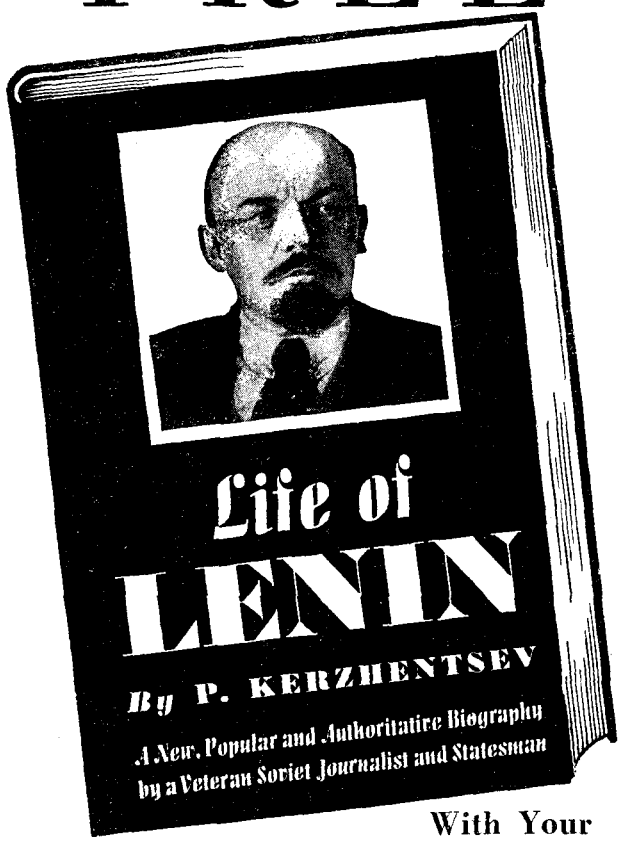

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fense of Homosexuality," "Funeral in Hungary," "And Winter," "The United States." It has much to recommend it as a subjective record.

John Wheelwright's sonnet sequence is brilliant and agile, full of diagramed exercises, inventions and variations on the sonnet, and his valid eccentric note. The sequence, framed in elegies, is the story of the death of a friend and the subsequent change and expansion in the survivor, and is called a novel in the sharp and pertinent preface. The distortions of the formal sonnet fall into the tradition of invention useful to us, with the incisive turns of speech, the authentic penetration, the knots of meditation. In spite of some pointlessness, there are wild real observations: "and Simon to whom Jesus said, 'You are a rock; and on this rock I build my church,' (which is to say, 'You're a brick; I rely on fellows like you')"; and sonnets like the fine "Get-Away," the tricky triple-rhyme-planned "Sabotage," "Winter," the two "Week-End Bids" and a Boston, loving, critical "Mother," which must be read. The rhymes are numbered, the sonnets are printed with notes in a really beautiful book designed and done by Sherry Mangan.

The Yale Series of Younger Poets issues the first book by Joy Davidman, "Letter to a Comrade." Joy Davidman is pushing through to the essential treatment of values we all wish to read about; the clumsiness of many of these poems has more strength and promise in it than the slickness and ingenuity of many other books, and when the poems do come through, they arrive with the delicacy and fitness of "The Lately Dead," "Necrophile," "Snow in Madrid," "Prayer Against Indifference." Conscious and writing hard, this poet expresses more direction than any other in this group; often the physical sense is clogged by language, bad language that makes wrong climactic lines like "dribbling through the fat hourglass" intrude on a spare, hard poem like "Waltzing Mouse," and *gaffes* like "If we could set our teeth in the hide of America/clasp her fat hills to our faces and be nourished by them" again and again in sticky images. But if these faults can be fined out, a perceptive talent emerges. The book, as first book, carried its own weight, and "Snow in Madrid" is bound to be reprinted often, with its biting ending:

> Men before perishing
> See with unwounded eye
> For once a gentle thing
> Fall from the sky.

As for the five books in general, their range is wide, but the material, for the great part, is thin stuff. I hope some first-rate writing comes through soon; it has been a lean year.

MURIEL RUKEYSER

—And Other Poets

TESTAMENT OF LOVE, by Audrey Wurdemann (Harpers, $2). A sonnet sequence by a Pulitzer Prize winner, domestic, undisturbed and undisturbing, with such opening lines as "Beauty is free; she has no need of servants," "Sometimes I think that you are like a tree," and "You are the one who made me into woman. . . ."

RIDERS AT THE GATE, by Joseph Auslander (Macmillan, $1.75). Verse by Audrey Wurdemann's husband, who is, the jacket claims, "implicated, but not involved in, con-

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THE PLANETS, by Alfred Kreymborg (Farrar and Rinehart, $1.25). "Manikin and Minikin" at the Planetarium. A radio play about the solar system, including Recitative with Echoes, and lines like: "What's happened—have I missed the Milky Way?"

THE SPIDER AND THE CLOCK, by S. Funaroff (International, $1; pamphlet, 35 cents). Strident, somewhat formless poems about street life and the working class, often clumsy in language, but sometimes, as in "Time Is Money," hitting sharp blows and carrying impulse in the imagery. By the publisher of Dynamo and the Dynamo Series.

LAST PARADE, by Herbert Bruncken (Prairie Press, $1.75). Wiry, stenographic poems about waste in the Middle West, big shots, scarcity. More notes for poems than poems, about such subjects as Gauley Bridge, a ship that cannot land, the "rustle of reason through waste." M. R.

New Books: A Reader's List

SEVENTY YEARS YOUNG! The Memoirs of Elizabeth, Countess of Fingall. (Dutton, $5). A readable account of the spacious feudal days before the stately homes of Ireland were gutted in the name of patriotism. Lady Fingall ranges happily hither and thither, from Horace Plunkett to King Edward VII, and has enjoyed it all, though her preference is for the ballroom against the hunting field.

INN OF THAT JOURNEY, by Emerson Price (Caxton Printers, $2.50). Childhood in "Scatterfield" or Anytown. Except for some high moments, the kids don't have a very gay time of it in America's "backyard civilization." One of them ends up in the hot squat, another kills himself, a third becomes a hobo then dies to make America safe for democracy. The mood of the writing suggests Sherwood Anderson.

THE GREEN FOOL, by Patrick Kavanagh (Harpers, $3). The engaging autobiography of a young Irishman whose time is largely divided between poetry and planting turnips. His affections are permanently leased to rural Ireland, and he reports on it with warmth and considerable charm.

SNOW-WATER, by Dorothy Gardiner (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). A rousing story of the fight to get irrigation into Colorado. The theme is a new one for prairie novels, and Miss Gardiner's lively treatment gives it a first-rate send-off. Even the love accompaniment comes through agreeably without making you wonder where you'd met it before.

PRACTICAL BIRTH CONTROL METHODS, by Norman E. Hines and Abraham Stone (Modern Age, 95 cents). A well written, straightforward, simple presentation of medically approved birth-control methods in use today—thoroughly documented and illustrated, for the guidance of doctors, clergymen, public-health nurses and social workers. Dangerous and ineffective methods are also described, as a warning. Excellent chapters on "feminine hygiene," the problem of abortion and sterilization.

ROCOCO, by A. E. Grantham (Appleton-Century, $3). A biography of Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of Frederick the Great. Dealing with an interesting period, much of the book possesses a curious factual interest, but it reeks of sentimentality and royalist "idealism." Sample: "Those nations are to be envied who, despite the rising tide of unimagina-

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SUNDAY IS THE DAY YOU REST, by John Upton Terrell (Coward-McCann, $1.25). Close-up of a prostitute's last day, done with candor and restraint. Mr. Terrell goes in for neither moralizing nor easy anger—but you are welcome to your own conclusions: his heroine is a stout-hearted, likable woman with rotten luck. A short, swift and honest novel.

THE PLATINUM TOWER, by Jerome Bahr (Scribner's, $2). "Humanity stinks!" is the philosophic conclusion reached by Anton after living with his wife's family, the Baldwins—Esther, the superannuated beauty with her tower of platinum hair, and Tom, the futile old blowhard. But the author is more inclined to laugh at than fume against the ludicrous failings of the pair. Good spiteful fun.

Contributors

ERSKINE CALDWELL's article in this issue is taken from "North of the Danube," a new book for which he wrote the text and Margaret Bourke-White made the photographs. The Viking Press will publish it on March 23.

W. H. AUDEN, poet and playwright, is visiting the United States with his friend and collaborator, Christopher Isherwood. They have written three plays together, "The Dog Beneath the Skin," "The Ascent of F-6," and "On the Frontier," the last to be published March 7 by Random House. Auden is the author of "Poems," "On This Island" and, with Louis MacNeice, of "Letters from Iceland."

H. N. BRAILSFORD is the London correspondent for The New Republic.

SELDEN C. MENEFEE, formerly an instructor in Sociology at the University of Washington in Seattle, is now living in Washington, D. C., where he is continuing his studies of propaganda.

STEUART HENDERSON BRITT is an assistant professor of Social Psychology at the George Washington University in Washington, D. C.

FREDERIC L. SCHUMAN is professor of Political Science at Williams College. His new book, "Europe on the Eve," is being published this month by Alfred A. Knopf.

EDWARD MEAD EARLE is a professor in the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, N. J. He is doing research into the history of American foreign relations.

MAX LERNER, formerly an editor of The Nation, is professor of Political Science at Williams College, and author of "It Is Later Than You Think." A new book of his essays, "Ideas Are Weapons," will be published this summer.

MAURICE HINDUS, author of many books and articles about the Soviet Union, including "Red Bread," "Broken Earth," "The Great Offensive" and "Moscow Skies," was in Prague during the September crisis

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD, author of "The Last of Mr. Norris" and co-author of three plays with W. H. Auden, is about to publish a new book of stories, "Goodbye to Berlin" (Random House).

GRANVILLE HICKS, author of "The Great Tradition" and "John Reed," is now working on a book of English literature during the last half-century. Harvard University has announced that his appointment as a resident adviser in the English department will not be renewed for next year.

EDMUND WILSON, whose most recent work is "The Triple Thinkers," published by Harcourt Brace, is working on a study of socialist theory and practice.

HAROLD WARD's special interest is in the social implications of science and technology, a subject on which he contributes frequently to several periodicals.

MURIEL RUKEYSER is the author of two books of poems, "Theory of Flight" and "US1," and is now working on a third, to be published by the Viking Press.

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